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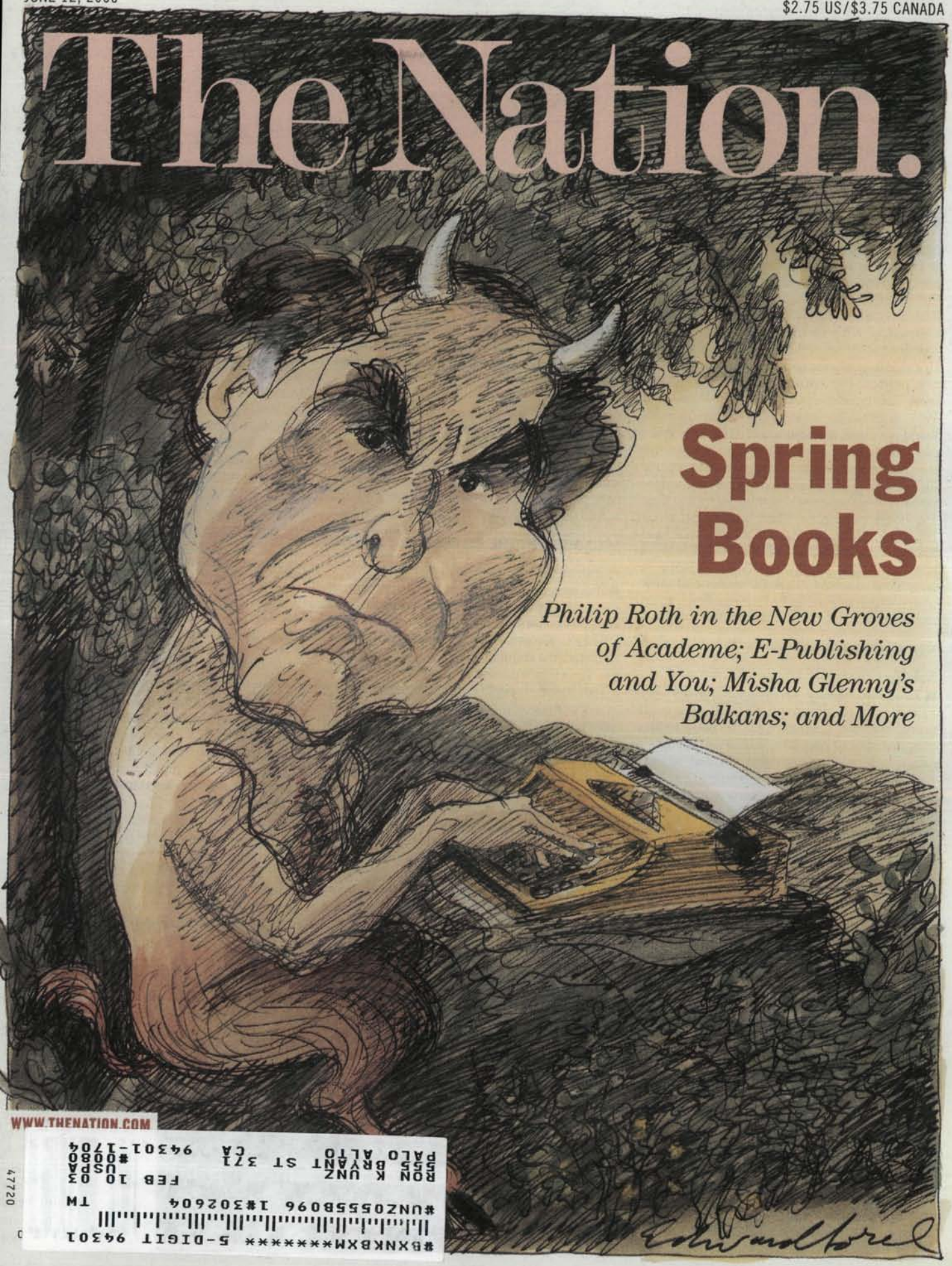

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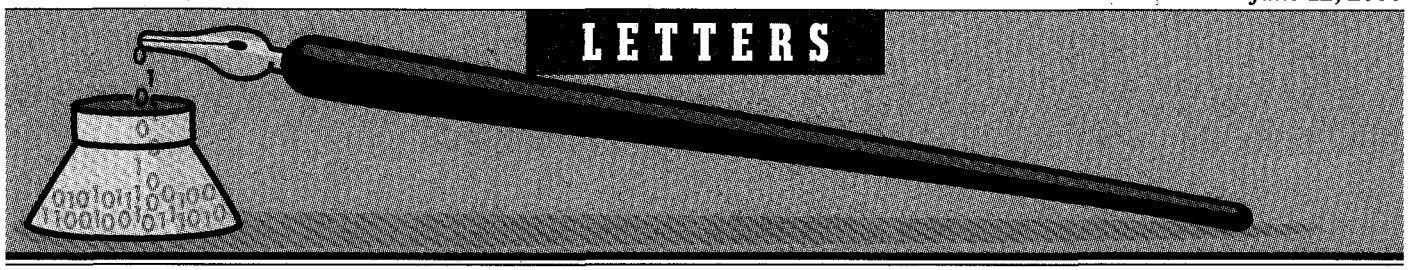

EICHMANN-TRIAL VIDEOTAPES

New York City

■ To quell as fast as I can any wild speculation arising from the disappearance of 159 of the 500 hours of Eichmann-trial videotapes [Stuart Klawans, "Films," May 8], I would like to dispel the mystery. After the trial Milton Fruchtman, the founder and owner of the fledgling Capital Cities Broadcasting, started to erase tapes for re-use on new projects. Fruchtman, not the Israeli government, had hired the blacklisted Leo Hurwitz in 1959 to direct the proceedings. When Hurwitz found out about the destruction of the only complete masters, he got Fruchtman to temporarily stop the erasure, while raising money to replace the remaining Eichmann tapes with new videotape stock. He succeeded in this, but by that time 150 hours were gone. There was no nefarious Israeli plot. I am surprised that Israel told Eyal Sivan the material didn't exist, for just four years prior to his first inquiry the Jewish Museum in New York mounted a large Eichmann-trial show with continuous runnings of the remaining Eichmann tapes. MANNY KIRCHHEIMER

KLAWANS REPLIES

New York City

■ Thanks to Manny Kirchheimer for his very valuable clarification, to which I will add a small one of my own. I certainly did not mean to hint at a government plot. My point was that Israeli officials seem to have been divided against themselves, regretting the existence of the documents they had worked so hard to amass. The fact that they left Fruchtman free to erase some of the tapes merely adds to the record of knowing inattention—a trait that should be brought to the attention not of conspiracy theorists but of psychoanalysts. STUART KLAWANS

SIC, SIC, SIC

Auburn, Wash.

■ In his scathing review of the David Cesarini [*sic*] book on Arthur Koestler, "The 'Casanova of Causes'" [April 10], John Leonard grants that "it is possible to forgive" Cesarini [*sic*] his misspelling of Nicola Chiaromonte's first name as "Nicolas." He then goes on to commit his own less excusable error of rendering Nicola's last name as "Chiaramante" instead of "Chiaromonte." Cesarini's [*sic*] excuse could be that he was simply giving an English equivalent of the Italian name "Nicola." What could be Leonard's excuse? JAMES MOCERI

LEONARD REPLIES

New York City

■ *Mea culpa,* inexcusably. But at least I didn't misspell "Cesarani" three times in my letter to the editor. JOHN LEONARD

STAGGERING, HEARTBREAKING...

San Francisco

■ Jeez, thanks for that nice review by Elise Harris of Dave Eggers's *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius* ["Infinite Jest," March 20]. You gave her space to be incisive, inquisitive, introspective, intellectual (Kierkegaard! Christopher Lasch! *The Marriage of Figaro*!). It was wonderful to see a woman recognize, and accept, men's desperate attempts to deal with tragedy and insecurity through irony rather than dismiss us, as some of her colleagues adjured her to, as puerile smartasses avoiding real life. Irony is not a scarf we use to hide our scars. It is a skin that breathes in pain and expels it naturally in small beads of laughter. Too many Americans have Irony Deficiency Anemia. A dose of Eggers would do them good. JEFF GILLENKIRK

MAO-MAOING THE PC CULPRIT

Redwood City, Calif.

■ If Elinor Langer truly is the perpetrator of originating the term "politically correct," she certainly committed that foul deed prior to 1970 ["The PC 'Culprit,'" Dec. 13]. In late 1969 I participated in a communal SSOC chapter at Georgia Tech (!). We were rather a motley crew—a Trotskyist, a couple of Maoists, an Ethiopian scion in exile and several members of a more amorphous tribe much influenced by Ken Kesey, Abbie Hoffman, Wild Man Fisher and the Vietnam War. Our group staged "events" in which we distributed leaflets, be-sloganed balloons, fliers, etc. The debates before these actions were often heated. The Maoists spoke as one mind but were handicapped by their constant need to look up opinions in their scripture. When we changed a slogan or argument by reason of its conflict with a party line, we characterized our acquiescence as deference to the "politically correct" position. The phrase was a form of gentle ridicule, never approbation, and it had no air of novelty about it in 1969. Perhaps it's from Mao's *Little Red Book*? BO CURRY

New Haven, Conn.

■ Remarkably, "politically correct" appears in a 1793 Supreme Court opinion. The Court's usage, referring to a point of linguistic etiquette, is not all that different from the modern meaning. "Politically correct" has been documented in a Communist context as early as 1955, in Czeslaw Milosz's *The Captive Mind*, and by 1970 Toni Cade was writing in her book *Black Woman* that "a man cannot be politically correct and a chauvinist too." A search on the JSTOR database unearths a 1948 reference in the *American Political Science Review* to the "moral, legal, and political correctness" of policies. In 1979 the *Washington Post* printed the sentence, "No matter what criticisms are hurled at this feminist fiction, no doubt the author will be cushioned by her political correctness." FRED R. SHAPIRO

LANGER REPLIES

Portland, Ore.

■ Mao received many nominations in addition to Bo Curry's, but I think those voting that way were born too late. On behalf of Stalin et al., see the irreplaceable Jessica Mitford's "Lifeit-selfmanship, or, How to Become a Precisely-Because Man: An Investigation Into Current L (or Left-Wing) Usage," circulated in 1956 and published as an appendix to *A Fine Old Conflict* in 1977. She begins with a few "easy" translations of "Non-L" into "L" language such as: *Non-L*: Time will tell whether that plan was OK; *L-equivalent*: The correctness of that policy will be tested in life itself (alt: in the crucible of struggle). Mitford went on through a series of questions ranging from general information—(Q) What is happening to the contradictions in the situation? (A) They are sharpening and deepening. Also unfolding. (Sometimes they even gather momentum with locomotive speed.)—to specific subject areas, eg, "Grammatical Section": What does Wall Street's Policy spell? (World Disaster). What does it *not* spell? (Prosperity for the bulk of the American people). There are even cartoons: the baby going down the drain (with the bathwater), whose tub companion is a horse (dead from beating). She ended with the "L" translation of "Tell me not in mournful numbers..." = "Do not project to me in moods of pessimism and despair," and its final haunting line, "learn to labor and to wait" = "As we develop correct tactics adapted to the concrete situation."

I think the phrase was part of Mao's intellectual inheritance and that the *Little Red Book* popularized it. On the other hand, given the information in Fred Shapiro's letter—by far the most thorough I have seen on this subject—perhaps Mao was reading 1793 Supreme Court opinions as well. ELINOR LANGER

DESIGN VS. NATURE? NOT REALLY

Berkeley, Calif.

■ It was a pleasure to see Jane Holtz Kay's review of landscape architecture books ["Earth in the Balance," Feb. 14]. Kay may overestimate, however, the divided state of the profession. She sketches out two combative groups—the designers and the ecologists—and cites the occasion two years ago, when the American Society of Landscape Architects gave many awards to two designers, Peter Walker and George Hargreaves. She reports that this "monopoly of high-style, high-star strutting" resulted the next year in the ASLA's return to rewarding "a wetlands project, a watershed plan and research on stream

(Continued on Page 60)

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EDITORIALS

Rudy's Sensation

If you thought being Rudy Giuliani meant never having to say you're sorry, you were disabused of that notion by the Mayor's emotional May 19 press conference, when he took himself out of the Senate race. Rudy's public meltdown transformed the Bobby Knight of mayors into Yogi Berra. From a playbook out of Machiavelli he switched to Gail Sheehy's *Passages*.

Anyone facing prostate surgery and a marital breakdown deserves sympathy, and we wish Mayor Giuliani well in his future course of treatment and his efforts to come to a resolution of his tangled personal life. The personal, however, is very much political here, and Giuliani's Friday Surprise turned New York's Senate race upside down. Among the winners in the Mayor's withdrawal, arguably, is the New York GOP. In Representative Rick Lazio, it has a candidate unencumbered by Giuliani's negatives, both the old ones (insensitivity to minorities, defense of police brutality, contempt for freedom of speech and the press) and those acquired during the recent flap, notably his separation by press conference from his wife and his serial involvements with two other women.

It could be argued that the cancer that came uninvited brought him sympathy just as the stories about his newest "gal pal" (as the tabs dubbed her) were bubbling up the media pipeline and upstate GOP leaders were grumbling about his blithe disregard for public opinion in his public appearances with her. Most New Yorkers were unfazed by his dalliances. And the best reporters in the media capital of the world were unable to dish the juicy details of his love life—a blessing that strengthens our conviction that politicians' sex lives should be off-limits to Starresque inquisitions.

Certainly, the Mayor in his pre-emptive public confession engaged in the best kind of spin: humility and the promise of a New Rudy. He vowed to make amends to those he had hurt, primarily the family of Patrick Dorismond, the man shot by police whose juvenile arrest record Giuliani willfully released. He also spoke of reaching out to the minority voters whose aspirations he has found it politically expedient to trash, and he mused on the need for wider health insurance coverage—after having cut from his budget a program of free screenings for prostate cancer.

Many New Yorkers recalled how he promised amends after the shooting of Amadou Diallo and never followed up. Still, if the New Rudy sincerely wants to do penance, there are a number of steps he could readily take. For starters: Reduce class sizes in the public schools, drop opposition to an independent police review board, take to heart the US Civil Rights Commission's recent report criticizing racial profiling by the NYPD, direct more city funds to public hospitals, withdraw the requirement that homeless adults and married women must work for shelter, tear down the barriers—metal and bureaucratic—around City Hall.

In Rudy's absence the Senate race becomes a test between a famous First Lady and the unknown Lazio, a political Fast Eddie who has been hungrily coveting Rudy's withdrawal. Lazio styles himself a "moderate" and offers a résumé carefully tailored to his Long Island constituency. He is pro-choice but against

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"partial birth" abortion. A foot soldier in the Gingrich-Armey army and a supporter of the Contract With America, he now says he merely favors a balanced budget and lower taxes.

He'll be a more formidable challenger than the 50-to-31 gap in the polls indicates. Running against Giuliani, Hillary focused on the Mayor's "divisive" personality. But with Lazio there's no there there, so she'll have to define him by the issues. She should take off the white gloves and tell him that being "pro-choice" and pro–"partial birth" ban is oxymoronic. She should counter his charge she's supported by outsiders by asking him about out-of-state donations from Clinton-hating right-wingers. She should tell him that "liberal" as a pejorative should be as dead as Joe McCarthy. She should query him about soliciting contributions from people who have business before the House commerce and banking committees, on both of which he serves. She should shed her cautious style and offer hot-damn progressive programs to base constituencies—blacks, unions, environmentalists, urbanites and upstaters left behind in New York's boom. With no Rudy to kick around anymore, let the real campaign begin.

Third-Rail Politics

George W. Bush has raised the stakes for Election 2000 by calling for the privatization of Social Security. He claims it is needed because, without reform, Social Security will go belly up by the middle of the century. Polls show that young Americans fear that Social Security won't be there for them.

But reports of Social Security's demise are much exaggerated. The program ain't broke. If the economy grows in the next fifty years as fast as it has in the past fifty, Social Security will meet its commitments without reform. Even if one assumes, as the official projections do, that the economy will grow as slowly as it did in the thirties, a few very manageable changes—such as raising or eliminating the cap on earnings subject to Social Security—would fill the projected shortfall four decades from now.

Bush masks his reforms in generalities, basking in praise for his courage while ducking all specifics. But the thrust of his plan is clear. He would carve out private, individual accounts by raking off about one-sixth of Social Security payroll taxes. By definition, he would decrease shared security and increase individual risk. He would reduce the benefits guaranteed for life against inflation and increase the risks people would take in the market.

Ironically, this worsens the problem Bush purports to solve: the challenge of paying for the boomers' retirement. Bush promises that those near or in retirement will retain their guaranteed benefits. Then he takes away one-sixth of Social Security money to create private accounts for the next generation. Bush says he'll use the projected budget surplus to cover the staggering "transition costs," but with Alan Greenspan beating the economy into submission, Bush committed to a major tax cut for the country club set and more money needed to preserve and strengthen Medicare—which is the real entitlement crisis—he'll need a miracle to pay the tab.

Carving private accounts out of Social Security will hurt the widowed and the disabled, whose benefits will be cut, while the fees of Wall Street firms managing small accounts will eat up large

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EDITORIALS

portions of the returns working people receive on their investments. Asked if people will fare as well under his system as the current one, Bush accurately responded, "Maybe, maybe not."

Bush's handlers believe he can reassure seniors while appealing to younger voters attracted to the dot-com market. Ironically, those younger voters get the shaft under his plan—having to pay for their parents' guaranteed retirement and their own private accounts at the same time. Under most bipartisan "reform" plans, they get lower guaranteed benefits and a higher retirement age.

The issue will be a centerpiece of the campaign debate because it dovetails with the basic message that each candidate is trying to peddle. Bush presents himself as a bipartisan "reformer with results," willing to take on encrusted institutions to make needed change. And he will dismiss Gore's attacks as the bleatings of a partisan trollop willing to say anything just to get elected. For Gore, defending Social Security and Medicare is the best illustration of his pledge to "fight for you." And Bush's plan reinforces Gore's charge that the Governor represents "risk." It's easy to dismiss this as just politics, but Bush's scheme represents the most serious potential assault on Social Security since the forties. He has adopted reforms peddled not just by Republicans but by Blue Dog and New Democrats, the money wing of the party. If he is elected, they will give him bipartisan cover and possibly enough votes to actually enact this wrong-headed reform.

Bush has stepped on the third rail of American politics believing that it is no longer highly charged. For those who care about sustaining a shared security system for America's elderly, it will be important to insure that he gets burned.

COMMENT

Defense Bidding War

Think the days of thousand-dollar hammers and screwdrivers and bolts are gone? Wrong. The Pentagon loses ships: They do not know where they are.... [The Pentagon's] books cannot be audited, yet we are giving them more money.

—House Budget Committee chairman John Kasich, March 23

We recently saw Congress's response to the growing crisis in waste and inefficiency at the Pentagon. The House overwhelmingly authorized a record $309.9 billion for the Defense Department, $4.5 billion more than the President requested and $21.1 billion above last year. Pathetically, an amendment to put some pressure on the Pentagon brass to rein in waste with a 1 percent reduction in procurement and research and development was rejected 331 to 88.

President Clinton bears much of the responsibility for the run-up in Pentagon spending. He has recommended defense spending increases in six of his eight proposed budgets. But in an effort not to be outdone by the President they call a draft-dodger, the Republican majority, since taking over Congress in 1994, has trumped his proposals with $41.8 billion in unrequested increases.

Despite his devastating criticism of waste at the Pentagon, Representative John Kasich justifies the increases by saying: "We do not want our people in uniform to pay the price for sloppy management inside the Pentagon." Unfortunately, it is the men and women in the ranks who are suffering, along with millions of average Americans who have seen vital programs and benefits cut to finance Pentagon waste. More than 13,000 enlisted persons' families still qualify for food stamps. I met the father of a Marine shopping for a waterproof bag for his son's fancy digital field radio—the Pentagon could only afford a garbage bag. Officers in the Gulf War called home to ask their families to buy handheld global-positioning-satellite units the Pentagon couldn't provide.

The same Iron Triangle that President Eisenhower warned us about forty years ago is here with a vengeance. Newt Gingrich rammed through the purchase of unneeded C-130s to benefit his district. Trent Lott forced the building of an unrequested aircraft carrier to benefit a shipyard in his home state. Despite $50 billion spent without a single successful honest test, Ronald Reagan's Star Wars fantasy is being pushed toward deployment, jeopardizing the ABM and START treaties.

Recently a special panel of defense-contractor executives established by the Pentagon to study problems in their industry concluded, "Industry management and government share responsibility for the problem. Fixing these problems is critical to our future national security." Unfortunately, their report was not about waste and inefficiency in procurement. It bemoans low stock prices and lack of profitability for defense contractors. Among the solutions: Pay contractors to merge, downsize and lay off workers and reward executives, boards of directors and stockholders for these efforts; cut "barriers" to exports of sophisticated arms; rein in whistleblowers; raise profit levels.

George W. Bush says he's alarmed about our "hollow military" and promises large increases in Pentagon spending. Al Gore is following in Clinton's footsteps. Congress has abandoned

FULL-COURT PRESS, SPECIAL EDITION: DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME

At 4 PM on Monday, May 22, Inigo Thomas posted an item in *Slate* wondering whether *New York* magazine's Michael Wolff's pan of *Inside*, the new website about the media not yet officially launched by former *New York* editor Kurt Andersen and former *Spin* editor Michael Hirschorn, was Wolff's way of repaying Andersen for snubbing Wolff's media conference because he refused to cross a picket line at New York's Museum of Modern Art. But does former *George* senior editor Thomas, who does not mention the picket line, have his own agenda?

There, I did it. What appears above, however brief, is, I am pretty certain, the first-ever piece of media criticism of media criticism of media criticism of media criticism. Not since A.M. Rosenthal achieved the previously unimagined feat of quoting himself quoting himself on the *New York Times* Op-Ed page has journalistic solipsism enjoyed such a red-letter day.

ERIC ALTERMAN

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COMMENT

any pretense of imposing restraints on the Pentagon.

During budget deliberations earlier this year, as chairman of the Congressional Progressive Caucus, I offered an alternative federal budget proposal that made prudent reductions in military spending totaling $30 billion, which would be used to more adequately fund education, healthcare, housing, infrastructure repair and veterans' and seniors' programs, among other priorities. Many of the reductions were based on the work of Larry Korb, Assistant Secretary of Defense under Reagan, whose calculations show that a strong national defense should cost only around $225 billion a year. The CPC budget drew just sixty-one votes.

Looks like we'll be waiting a few more years for the post–cold war "peace dividend." PETER DEFAZIO

Peter DeFazio represents Oregon's 4th Congressional District.

The UN as Fig Leaf

As 500 United Nations peacekeepers handed over their weapons, uniforms and vehicles to lightly armed thugs in Sierra Leone, many observers ruefully declared, "The UN has done it again." And indeed it had. Once again the organization allowed itself to be used by the United States and other major powers to provide a thin blue fig leaf to cover their refusal to commit their resources to a solution. The purpose of the fig leaf, of course, is to enable the United States and its allies to say that the UN is handling the Sierra Leone problem, as they avoid the risk of their own troops becoming casualties and, in the case of the United States, asking Congress for funds.

The Security Council did at least authorize a peacekeeping force in Sierra Leone, in contrast to Rwanda, where then–US ambassador Madeleine Albright fought a successful action to prevent any reinforcements from going to the skeleton force there. On the other hand, Washington has not sent any cash for the Sierra Leone operation. Indeed, in an uncanny instant replay of Rwanda, where the United States wanted $12 million to fly some secondhand armored personnel carriers into Kigali, the Pentagon demanded $27 million to fly Bangladeshi reinforcements into Freetown. The UN does not have that kind of money, not least because Washington is $1.77 billion in arrears to the organization.

In Sierra Leone, there is, admittedly, a lot of blame to go around. The UN and international "community" let things go absolutely to hell. It let President Ahmad Kabbah win a dubious election with funds looted from the UN Development Program. Then it permitted various coups to take place and did not fund the Nigerians adequately when they took up the peacekeeping burden. The point of peacekeeping missions should be to serve as a guarantee of international commitment. The model is the unsung but entirely successful US-staffed UN operation on the Macedonian/Serbian border during the war in Bosnia and Croatia. That small but timely force averted what many considered to be the almost inevitable spread of the conflict southward. UN peacekeeping missions need not always be combat-ready battle groups; they can at least serve as a tripwire that threatens to bring down the wrath of the international community on violators.

But UN planners seem not to have learned a thing from Bosnia. The mandate of the UN troops in Sierra Leone was to keep a peace that was as unsustainable as it was unprincipled. With heavy US pressure, the Lomé peace accord between the government and the rebels guaranteed amnesty to rebel leader Foday Sankoh, whose followers in the Revolutionary United Front had decided that if they couldn't win the hearts and minds of the Sierra Leoneans, they would take their hands and feet instead. It also gave Sankoh a place in the government and control of the diamond mines, so he could be assured of money to buy arms.

The Lomé accord, including the amnesty, was made necessary by the unwillingness of the permanent members of the Security Council to commit resources to combating the RUF. As a result, the UN was forced to launch the same kind of undermanned, underequipped operation that has failed so often in the past. Sankoh, not unnaturally, drew his own scornful conclusions. "The UN is free to send 20,000 troops to Sierra Leone, but who would scare a pregnant woman with a dead penis?" he asked—just before he was arrested with British help.

One benefit of the humiliation of the peacekeepers in Sierra Leone is that it may have aborted the even more ill-augured UN mission in Congo. There should be no more blue fig leaves to cover the unwillingness of the major powers. If the UN sends any such force in the future, there should be a peace to keep—or it should have the political, financial and military wherewithal to enforce it against the war criminals. IAN WILLIAMS

Ian Williams is The Nation*'s UN correspondent.*

CALVIN TRILLIN

A Summary of Two Weeks in the Life of Mayor Rudolph Giuliani

The health news really walloped Rudy.
He dissed his wife, and in that mood he
Went strolling with his good friend Judi—
And found himself in deepest doodie.

Paper Federalists

When conservatives attack Supreme Court decisions (admittedly an increasingly rare event these days), they inevitably charge "judicial activism." *Miranda* warnings, the right to abortion, the exclusionary rule—all are condemned for having been created by judges out of whole cloth, based on "interpretations" of the Constitution that are so unconstrained as to be entirely political.

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COMMENT

When it comes to "states' rights," however, conservatives sing a different tune. In the past few years, the conservative majority on the Supreme Court has launched a virtual revolution in constitutional jurisprudence, invalidating a host of federal laws on the ground that they violate the autonomy not of human beings but of states. The Court has revived the commerce clause as a limitation on federal power after some fifty-odd years of desuetude. It has found implicit in the Constitution a concept of "state sovereign immunity" that jeopardizes Congress's ability to require states to follow federal law. And it has divined from the "spirit" of the inscrutable Tenth Amendment a principle of state autonomy with little textual or historical basis. In doing these things, the Court's most conservative Justices—Rehnquist, Scalia, Kennedy, O'Connor and Thomas—have engaged in the very sort of open-ended, freewheeling constitutional interpretation that they excoriate liberals for indulging in on issues of individual rights.

This Court's activism on federalism begins with the commerce clause, which for most of our history has been the leading barometer of judicial attitudes toward the balance between state and federal power. In the early part of the twentieth century the Court frequently invoked the clause to strike down labor laws regulating minimum wages, maximum hours and working conditions. The Court reasoned that Congress could regulate only "commerce," not manufacturing or production, although its actual animating principle was a commitment to laissez-faire capitalism.

During the New Deal, the Court abandoned this approach and acknowledged that in our increasingly national economy, the terms of production—such as wages, hours and working conditions—obviously affect interstate commerce. It ultimately interpreted the commerce clause to permit Congress to regulate any local activity that, aggregated nationally, might substantially affect interstate trade, a reading that largely took the judiciary out of the job of restraining Congress and relied on the political process to do so.

That's where things stood until 1995, when the Court struck down a federal law prohibiting the possession of guns near schools. Then, on May 15, the Court invalidated the Violence Against Women Act, a federal law enabling victims of gender-motivated violence to sue their attackers. In both cases the Court held that Congress may not regulate local "noneconomic" activity. Neither gun possession nor gender-motivated violence is "economic" activity and must be left to the states to regulate. Congress's findings that violence against women reduces their ability to participate in the work force was insufficient to justify federal regulation. But if Congress has the power to regulate conduct where it "affects" interstate commerce, why should it matter whether the conduct itself is labeled "economic" or "noneconomic"? The Court seems to have created a distinction every bit as artificial as the long-rejected line between production and commerce.

The Court's activism is even more pronounced in its treatment of "state sovereign immunity," the doctrine that the sovereign—in this case a state—may not be sued. The Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution does recognize a very limited immunity that protects states from being sued by citizens of other states in federal court, at least for cases not based on federal law violations. But today's Court has ignored the explicit language of the amendment to create an expansive immunity that blocks virtually all private suits against states, in state or federal court, under state or federal law. As a result, state employees cannot sue their employer—anywhere—for blatant violations of federal laws, such as the Fair Labor Standards Act. The only exception to this state immunity is where Congress has authorized suits under the Fourteenth Amendment, but the Court has also sharply limited Congress's power to regulate states under that amendment.

A third arena for the states' rights revival is the Tenth Amendment. That provision has literally no substantive meaning: It states only that all powers not assigned to the federal government are reserved to the states or the people. The Court once dismissed it as "a truism." But in recent years, the conservative majority has found in its "spirit" the authority to strike down federal statutes for requiring state officers to carry out even very minimal tasks in furtherance of a federal program, such as the Brady Bill's requirement that local sheriffs conduct brief background checks on would-be gun purchasers.

So why do states' rights issues drive conservative Justices to abandon their cherished principle of judicial restraint? There is undeniably a conservative cast to federalism in the United States. States' rights have nearly always been invoked in support of right-wing causes, from slavery to segregation to welfare devolution. But no one would seriously suggest that today's Court is using federalism as a cover to protect those who carry guns near schools or rape women.

What really drives the conservative Justices toward states' rights is their antipathy to individual rights. "States' rights" is itself something of an oxymoron; rights generally describe legal claims that people assert against government, not claims of governments. Protecting states' rights nearly always directly reduces protection for individual rights. The Court's sovereign immunity decisions bar individuals from suing states for violating their federal rights. And its commerce clause and Fourteenth Amendment decisions have reduced Congress's ability to create federal statutory rights for individuals in the first place.

The link between protecting the "rights" of states and disregarding those of individuals is illustrated even more clearly in the Rehnquist Court's treatment of habeas corpus and federal injunctions. The Court has consistently cited deference to the states to justify shrinking the rights of state prisoners to go to federal court for review of their constitutional claims. And it has grandly invoked "Our Federalism" to limit the ability of federal courts to oversee and enjoin police abuse against minorities.

Paradoxically, then, this Court is most activist in restricting its own power. The conservative Justices eagerly engage in open-ended constitutional interpretation when the result forecloses an avenue for rights protection but assail their liberal counterparts for doing so when the result is to recognize an individual right. As a result, states receive far more solicitude than individuals. But the opposite should be the case: The Court's highest calling is not the protection of regimes but of individuals who cannot obtain protection from the political process. DAVID COLE

David Cole (cole@law.georgetown.edu) is The Nation*'s legal affairs correspondent.*

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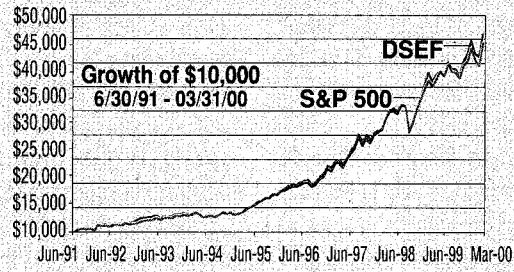

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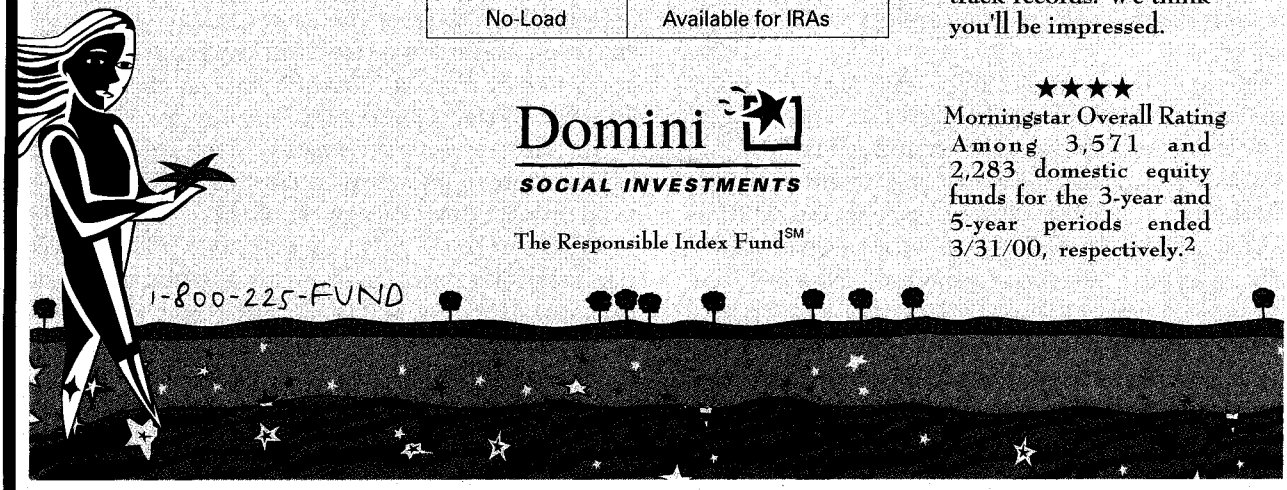

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CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Ignoble Ig-nazi-o?

MINORITY REPORT

When I read the various essays and disclosures about the treachery and double-dealing of Ignazio Silone, who acted as an informer for Mussolini's police while occupying a leadership position in the Italian Communist Party, I confess that I had to entertain a vulgar journalistic question, which pushed itself to the front of the psychological and political and literary ones. The question was this: How will Alexander Cockburn contrive to add this to his bill of indictment against George Orwell? Nor had I long to wait. In a *Nation* column demagogically titled "Even Worse Than Orwell" [June 5] Cockburn evolved the following series of conclusions from the available evidence:

(1) Ignazio Silone was one of the founders of the Italian Communist Party (PCI) in 1921.

(2) In 1927—the year of the defeat of the Left Opposition by Stalin—he returned from Moscow to Italy as a senior clandestine organizer for the PCI.

(3) From at least 1919, when he was a Socialist Party militant, until a definite cutoff date in 1930, Silone was an industrious and willing stool pigeon for the authorities, and consciously sent many Socialist and Communist workers to their death or to vile treatment and incarceration.

(4) In 1931, after Stalin had decreed that Social Democratic and Socialist parties were "social fascists," Silone—having by then tearfully broken off his connection with the actual Fascist cop Guido Bellone—found himself expelled from the PCI.

(5) In his subsequent literary life Silone became an exemplary writer of novels against Fascism and a mobilizer of European and American opinion on behalf of the Spanish Republic.

(6) In the post-1945 period, he was conspicuous among the anti-Communist ex-Communists who wrote for *Partisan Review*, *Encounter*, *Tempo Presente* and other cultural magazines within the orbit of the CIA and its subsidized professoriate. He also contributed an essay to the celebrated Arthur Koestler/Richard Crossman anthology of "second thoughts," *The God That Failed*.

(7) Therefore, the latest revelations of his appalling hidden past reflect only upon his time as an anti-Communist intellectual!

This is the sort of QED that might have made Zhdanov or Vyshinsky blush a little. Silone was a traitor and a hireling of Mussolini for every single year that he was a believing Stalinist, and *then* repudiated his connection with the Fascist state, and was *then* kicked out of the party on a point of principle where (as it happens) he was correct, so naturally his years of diseased collaboration are to be added "to our 'God that failed' dishonor roll." Not only this, but "at a considerably greater level of infamy than that of George Orwell." We know, from Cockburn's earlier essays in falsification, that this is setting his benchmark pretty high.

Actually, Silone did well to be thrown out of the party machine for which Cockburn has such nostalgia, and was lucky to be expelled as early as he was. In another few years, active collaboration with Nazis and Fascists was to become an obligation for Communist Party leaders. Using the slogans of the "Third Period," which Cockburn mentions but does not care to elucidate, Stalin's Third International announced that the European socialist parties were twins of the fascists. In Germany there was more than one instance of Communist cooperation with brownshirt forces against the Social Democrats. The culminating moment of shame was the reception of Joachim von Ribbentrop at the signing of the Molotov-Ribbentrop (better known as the Stalin-Hitler) Pact in 1939. In his honor, the swastika flag was flown over Moscow airport, and the Red Army band played the Horst Wessel song. The relatively feeble and belated response of the few surviving capitalist democracies to the Nazi invasion of Poland was denounced by the Comintern as an exercise in imperialist war. The subsequent partition of Poland and the Baltic States between Stalin and Hitler was on a level of collusion rather more intense than anything practiced by the wretched Silone.

In an earlier epoch of this kind of polemic, it might just have been possible to insinuate that Silone was a "rotten element" all along, because he had expressed culpable doubts about the Kremlin's campaign against Leon Trotsky in 1927. Thus, since Trotskyism was fascism by definition, it was only natural for Silone to sell himself to the bestial foe. However, the dates don't fit; he was a fink well before the split developed. And he was joined in his overt political misgivings by Palmiro Togliatti, who still has iconic status in Italian Communist history.

This therefore leaves us with two very absorbing questions. Why did Silone change his wicked ways? And are his classic anti-Fascist novels, *Fontamara* and *Bread and Wine*, both written after the double-break, perhaps finer as a result? We have no sure knowledge on the first point, except that Carl Gustav Jung appears to have been his shrink at the decisive time. (This might somewhat redeem Jung, whose superstitious impressionism had more than a little in common with some elements of the Fascist mentality.)

On the second point, which Cockburn gets exactly wrong by sneering about Silone's "habitual high respect for his own moral fiber," it's clear from his 1930 renunciation letter to Bellone that he had undergone a sharp moral crisis and was looking for means of atonement. Those willing to survey literature as something more than propaganda might speculate with advantage, as Alexander Stille did in *The New Yorker*, about the subliminal power exerted by guilt and ambiguity upon Silone's fiction.

By starting at the end of the Silone story rather than its beginning, and by irrelevantly recycling his own stale slanders against Orwell, Cockburn may have hoped to pull off some subliminal effect of his own. He manages to shoehorn in a subordinate clause about Orwell, "who passed along to the British secret police the names of people he suspected of being Communists or fellow travelers." Every individual term in that statement, as well as the effect of the collectivized whole, is false, as I can demonstrate to any reader who cares to write to me. ■

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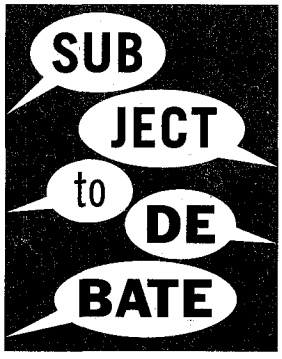
KATHA POLLITT

Moms to NRA: Grow Up!



In the end, after months of waffling, I violated my principles and went to the Million Mom March for gun control—make that "common-sense gun control." I've never liked maternalist politics: It relies on an image of women as basically apolitical homebodies, roused from the stove only by a threat to the nest and the nestlings. Maternalism takes the ancient sexist categories that exclude women from the public realm and uses them to win women a hearing there—children, it is generally conceded, are the one subject about which women know a thing or two—but it leaves the categories untouched. Under the rubric of maternalism, women can fight for kids but not for themselves. Thus there was no mention at the march of the thousands of women killed and injured each year with guns, or the connections, noted by Susan Faludi in *Newsweek*, between far-right militias and anti-choice zealotry. Meanwhile, maternalism subtly shifts responsibility away from men, which in the case of guns seems particularly unwarranted: The gun culture is a highly masculine preserve, and so is most gun violence—drive-by shootings, mass murders by school kids, racist killing sprees, domestic murder-suicides. Who leaves those loaded guns around for kids to play with, anyway? Shouldn't it have been a Million Dad March?

The march has been portrayed as a soccer mom extravaganza, and certainly there were lots of nonpoor white women—although the ones I knew, not to mention myself, seem to have missed out on the McMansion and minivan that "white women" are so often gifted with in the media. The afternoon had a family-holiday feel, like a monster playground fair—there were lots of strollers and double strollers, and cheerful, slightly self-parodic evocations of middle-class maternity like the chant "Time Out Chair/for Wayne LaPierre" (executive vice president of the NRA). Best mass-produced sticker: "Actually, guns do kill people"; best handmade sign: "I'm here because my husband is an idiot." Raffi, the preschooler's answer to Pete Seeger, had everyone singing "This Little Light of Mine."

Not surprisingly, all this sweetness and light made Camille Paglia blow her last remaining gasket in *Salon*: "The average citizen doesn't want national policy determined by packs of weeping women led by a shrill dimwitted talk show host (Hillary sycophant Rosie O'Donnell)"—or, as she is known to the NRA, Tokyo Rosie. Actually, poll after poll shows the average citizen is wildly in favor of the modest measures supported by the moms—registering handguns and licensing owners, background checks at gun shows and so on.

Still, it was certainly true that the march doubled as a Democratic Party rally—just as my reluctant companion, the Last Marxist, had predicted long before it was widely publicized that founding march organizer Donna Dees-Thomases is the sister-in-law of Hillary Clinton's close friend Susan Thomases. Along with O'Donnell, Reese Witherspoon, Anna Quindlen, Sarah Brady and other luminaries, a bevy of Democratic politicians took the podium: Maryland's Lieutenant Governor Kathleen Kennedy Townsend; Representative Carolyn McCarthy, whose husband was killed and son grievously injured by a gunman on the Long Island Rail Road; Bobby Rush, the Congressman and former Black Panther whose son was murdered last year in Chicago. The President appeared via video; Tipper and Hillary worked the crowds. You would never know that the Democratic Party purposely seeks out pro-gun candidates to run in conservative districts or that it was a powerful Democratic Congressman, Michigan's John Dingell, who killed last year's bill calling for seventy-two-hour waiting periods on gun show purchases. With women supporting gun control by 75 percent to men's 50 percent, Al Gore certainly isn't going to remind them.

The only speaker I heard who related gun violence to poverty and racism was Susan Sarandon, but all you had to do was look around and the connection was obvious. Black and Hispanic parents of murdered kids were everywhere—alone, with family members, or representing inner-city support groups, which typically have dozens of members. Some displayed memorial quilts bearing the faces of their dead children; one mother had mounted her poem mourning her dead son on a pole. I had a taste of what a fundamentally creepy job reporting is as I asked parents for their stories—the son about to go to college who was killed with a Saturday Night Special because his friend went out with someone's former girlfriend; the son who left the house and was dead fifteen minutes later, reason unknown, killer never found. These are the kids the NRA discounts in racist fashion as not really children, not really innocent, drug users and gangbangers. In other words: Not only do guns not kill people, they don't kill *people*.

Listening to these tragic stories of waste and folly, I saw the other side of maternalist politics: its ability to cut through flimflam and get to the heart of an issue. After all, the decades of good-government lobbying for gun control have achieved very little: Of the dozens of bills introduced in Congress after Columbine last year, not one passed. Maybe the passion of wounded ordinary people is what's needed; maybe the image of the bereaved and angry mother is the only one weighty enough to counterbalance that of the male hunter and patriot deployed so successfully by the NRA.

The sad thing, though, is that the Million Mom March brought so many people together—three-quarters of a million on the Mall and thousands of others at local rallies around the country—and under the guise of empowering them, disempowered them. Write your Representatives, urged speaker after speaker. Remember in November. Vote. But beyond scribbling a postcard—pink-and-white ones were thoughtfully provided—and pulling a lever six months from now, no one suggested anything resembling activism: picketing gun stores and gun shows, organizing with other parents to chuck the NRA's Eddie Eagle "gun safety" programs out of your kid's school or with other students to force your college to divest from the gun industry. It will take more than once-a-year gestures, whether marching or voting, to turn Mom power into people power. ■

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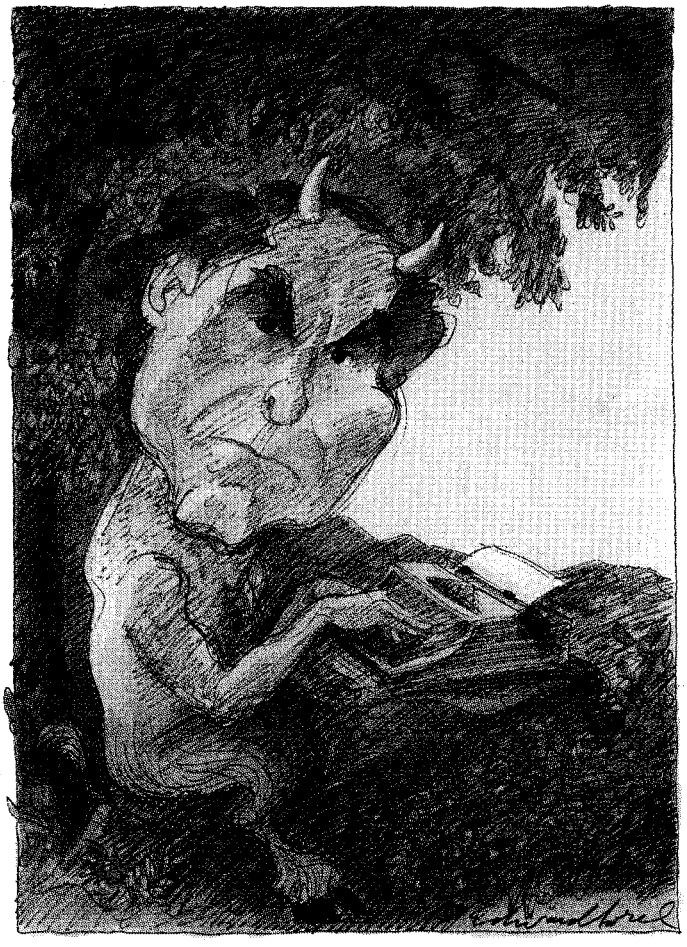
BOOKS & THE ARTS

Author, Author!



"There are more than a million writers in the United States and they write more than 500,000 books each year, 90% of which never see publication. Not a comforting thought, is it?" This, from an advertisement for Xlibris—a "strategic partner" of Random House Ventures, itself a subsidiary of...well, you guess. I find that less than comforting, too, though not in the way the ad intends. A friend of mine recently completed a rather dispiriting book tour to promote *Phoenix*, his (true) story of watching his brother die in a hospital burn unit in the city of the same name, after a superheated steam pipe blew at a power plant, killing several men. Having seen his writing compared favorably to John McPhee's in the *Los Angeles Times*, his hopes had been rather high until the turnouts at some stops proved lower than the expectation, at one juncture comprising only a survivor of the accident. But we'll return to that in a moment. The Xlibris ad—large and prominent, presented in a large and prominent media "outlet" as well—goes on to promise that "help isn't just on the way, it's here. Publishing is becoming an extension of the Internet. Huge investments made by traditional publishers in production and large print runs are becoming less necessary.... Xlibris can enable you to publish your book at no cost. Zero. Zip. Nada. Gratis." This is far from the only venture offering such a service, of course. MightyWords is another, hosting a site at which authors can offer their wares. I say authors, because what technology has effected is an erasure of the difference between "authors" and "potential authors." There was always none in a literal sense, of course, but there was that little catch of publication. Back to my friend: The promise of 500,000 "books" isn't quite the cornucopia it would seem. We have to *partake* of it, actually, to make it one—ah, there's the rub. The more the merrier in terms of availability, sure. Yet whether it's print-on-demand works Available Now at a Bookstore Near You or material downloadable on your home PC, the democratic spirit of what is infinitely available will war with the autocratic spirit of what is finitely available: our time and attention. Our reading habits may indeed change as a result, as suggested in the essay that leads off this special issue of the magazine devoted to books. It's a Sisyphean task, though, keeping abreast of the work coming out that deserves our attention—whatever the means of delivery. Herein are but a dozen discussions of books out this season, their numbers kept in check by the finite number of pages available. From the CIA's involvement in culture (Frances Stonor Saunders) to the culture of the campus (Francine Prose, Philip Roth) to the vexing history of the Balkans (Misha Glenny, Ismail Kadare), it's all our world. Let's partake of it.

ART WINSLOW

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On Pixel Pages It Was Writ

STEVEN M. ZEITCHIK

Eleven o'clock on a dreary Tuesday, and the *Publishers Weekly* office buzzes with techies. Articulate techies. Techies flanked by flacks. Techies with laptops and press packets, the twenty-first-century equivalent of dogs and ponies. Their voices, rife with claims about the future of the book and buzzwords like "co-opetition" and "re-intermediation," rupture the library-like silence that usually pervades the office.

In a conference room, the group turns up the dial. A finger manipulates a laptop mouse. A CEO projects his voice at a screen that ebbs a confusing mix of graphics and text. Flowcharts make into a science what might otherwise fall into Mark Twain's third category, the one after lies and damn lies. Assuming an unslakable thirst for literature, the CEO describes his new, presumably undiscovered way of delivering it to us. He talks about a utopia where no book ever goes out of print, where readers can have instant access to any book ever written, in any slice or shape she wants it. His is a world of on-demand information and literature, where the marketplace of ideas never closes.

Appealing thoughts all, but assembled reporters (OK, this reporter) can't help but feel a film begin to coat their eyes. The CEO represents the second e-book startup to come in today. Even to trained ears, his words can sound as though in an exotic language, the descriptions of greater accessibility at once clichéd and fantastic. Still, the fact remains inescapable: These startups, incrementally and cataclysmically, will change the way we buy and read books.

Sweet, mysterious e-book. Has ever a subject evoked so much cocktail-party discussion—and major treatment in print media, including a recent series in the *Washington Post* and essay from publishing lion Jason Epstein in the *New York Review of Books*—but achieved, in practice, so little? Few have taken them on, these little bits of portable electronic content that one can read on a gizmo devoted to the purpose, or on a palmtop computer, or on a standard PC.

For argument's sake, let's define the e-book liberally—as electronic content itself, not the hardware that serves as just one of several platforms. Even so, one would be hard pressed to find adopters. Certainly the likes of engineers and scholars—those who form the vertebrae of so-called academic publishing—have welcomed it. Reference publisher Wiley has made many of its journals available online, and scientists have bitten. But the mainstream—book groups, literary salons, bookstores, New York media and, of course, Oprah readers—has stayed away. Books are carried and shipped as they've always been. Pages are creased. Margins are defaced. Tattered copies are passed between friends, handled in superstores, checked out of libraries. Inside the *PW* boardroom, a new era is coming. Outside it, the business of books carries on as usual. Both the lay and the digerati can be forgiven for their hesitancy. After all, when Arthur C. Clarke suggested that "any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic," he surely couldn't have had in mind the contemporary e-book. Clunky, demanding and distracting in how it calls attention to its own form, the technology has yet to articulate a powerful case for itself. NuvoMedia and Softbook have come out with devices that cost a few hundred dollars. Each offers text that is easily browsed as well as a capacity for storing about a dozen titles. But both offer a fairly crude experience, one that does not seem to justify the cost and effort involved. The devices lack a certain *feng shui*, their audience is not used to paying for more than words and sentences.

Enter those companies looking to make reading more bearable on devices you already own. In Boulder, Colorado, netLibrary has amassed scores of books from publishers and offers access to these works for a fee. Its subsidiary, a small outfit called peanutpress, has worked with traditional publishers to convert and sell books that can be read on palmtop computers. Both show promise. But despite an enormous ad budget, neither has as yet seized public consciousness—the need for a web connection and those pesky *feng-shui* reasons interfere.

Another heavyweight, Fatbrain, has been busy signing up authors for short stories and essays that may not rate publication as books. The company hopes that people will browse online and then print out the work. Based in Santa Clara, California, and staffed with several ex-publishing executives, it's been one of the few to take on traditional houses head down and jaw squared. The names go on. Versaware, Questia, iUniverse, Bookface, iBook, ibooks, Lightning Source, SoftLock, Glassbook—each bring their own "business solutions" to an industry that never really thought it had a problem. This doesn't take into account the small presses that publish unknown authors on the web only. It doesn't include the electronic arms of traditional houses, which have lately shown a greater openness to publishing complete digital works. And it doesn't get into established tech companies like Microsoft, which have invested entire departments in pursuit of e-book greatness. At presstime, in fact, Time Warner Trade Publishing was set to announce a venture called iPublish.com and iWrite, to solicit manuscripts from potential authors for electronic publication; and Microsoft, Random House and Simon & Schuster announced an online version of Michael Crichton's novel *Timeline* and other electronic collaborations.

Each company brings its own approach, moderately and sometimes substantially different from that of its cohorts. Some are lavishly funded; others scrape by on long hours and grit. Yet in one critical respect all companies are created equal: They are invisible to most Americans. Convincing a public entrenched in its current reading habits to change often feels like trying to teach a pig to sing—it doesn't work, and it annoys the pig.

Has Stephen King eroded some of this resistance? Indications are that he has. A (reported) few hundred thousand people downloaded his story "Riding the Bullet" when it was made available earlier in the year by Simon & Schuster. (Rumor has it he got the idea to have it published in that fashion from Arthur C. Clarke.) That so many Americans were willing to take a chance on a complete, albeit short, work of literature, gives hope to anyone who has supported, with words or dollars, the notion of mass electronic reading. But King's singular drawing power makes his case, paradoxically, irrelevant. For all the symbolic weight of his "success," it can too easily be explained away as anomaly or novelty to prove meaningful.

Still, the pitchmen in *PW*'s boardroom aren't merely blowing smoke, and the goals of this essay are neither curmudgeonly nor dismissive. For, ultimately, the e-book 1.0 provides a glimpse into the future of our reading culture. Understanding it will help us better fathom not only how we will soon

Steven M. Zeitchik is an editor at The Industry Standard *who covered electronic publishing for several years at* Publishers Weekly. *His work has also appeared in* Salon, Conde Nast Traveler *and the* San Francisco Chronicle.

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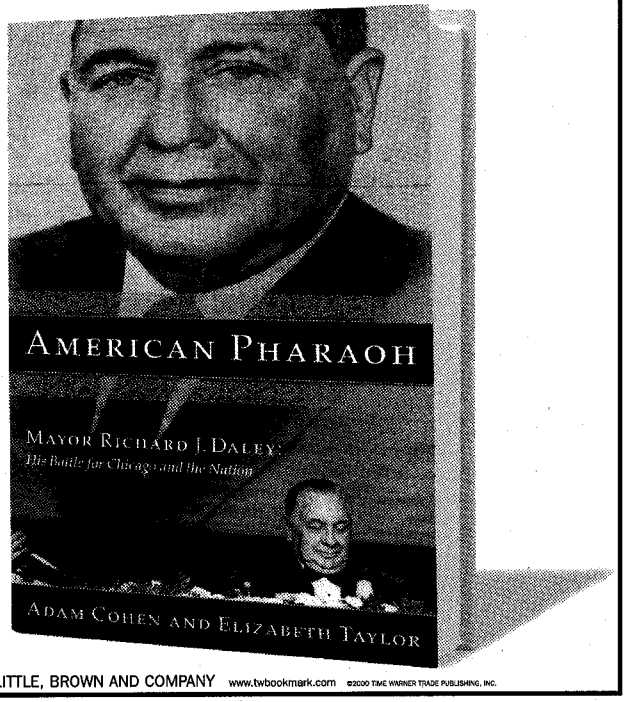

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read but how—and why—the publishing industry will begin to crumble. Because while some of the current incarnations may not withstand the test of time, there is that old maxim about broken clocks being right twice a day. And, right now, the hands on the clock point to an old joke about getting a new watch.

Because it marches in several directions at once, the e-book is able to do something its forebears can't: make simultaneous strides in form and distribution. For one, e-books allow book content itself to become better. Through more sophisticated machines, the book of the future will often come equipped with sound and video. For those long denied sound clips with their music biographies, or a video instruction for their child's book, the e-book provides this. But it doesn't stop here. Unlike, say, the CD-ROM, the e-book makes reading more accessible (for those Americans with a computer and 56K modem, anyway). No need to be near a bookstore or wait for the UPS truck; simply traverse that last mile and a host of literary delights awaits. So pervasive will the information be that hardware will soon enable us to buy books anywhere, requiring nothing more complex than a cell phone, and receive them immediately. As the cell phone did for communication, the e-book will allow for book information, to paraphrase an old bumper sticker, to simply happen.

Drawing a distinction between these two advantages isn't just an arcane exercise; it's an important way to differentiate between the impending changes on the one hand and previous triumphs on the other. The CD-ROM improved upon the book's form by allowing more content to be stored in smaller spaces and, of course, by enhancing that content proper. The mass-market paperback represented a distribution victory. The cheaper technology enabled even budget-conscious readers to afford books. The e-book potentially achieves both at once and, in the end, even brings them together. The reader can now call up material in any permutation, across categories. She can indulge in postmodern flights of fancy by crosscutting, say, Whitman with Dostoyevsky or toggling between them at the flick of an electronic stylus. By allowing for better distribution, the e-book facilitates a change in form.

If all this sounds far off, try telling that to a CEO at a large publisher. Unlike the music industry, book publishing has not worn its dysfunctionality on the outside. But the past two years have brought a series of controversies, events and changes that indicate plenty of turbulence ahead. It began, for all intents and purposes, in the middle of 1998, when several online departments at large publishers caught wind of NuvoMedia and Softbook. Looking to justify their own existence as much as to embrace new technologies, officials from these departments began negotiating with these companies, providing them with content in the vague hope that it would eventually morph into sales. Soon NuvoMedia CEO Martin Eberhard began showing up at book-industry events. Before the year was out, he and then–Barnes and Noble COO Steve Riggio kicked off a partnership at a splashy media event at B&N's flagship at Manhattan's Union Square. In 1999, at the annual BookExpo America, Eberhard managed to get a spot on a coveted panel, alongside heavyweights like Random House chief Peter Olson and erstwhile Penguin boss Michael Lynton. Eberhard was clearly out of context in all this, but it didn't matter. E-books, for the first time, were getting rock-star treatment.

Eberhard's high profile also came with a price: whipping-boy status. Publishers and authors' groups lambasted him for his

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royalty rate, saying low distribution costs should translate into a higher cut for authors. Eberhard's defense—that there were hidden costs associated with producing books electronically—didn't cut much ice with his detractors. As if all this fractiousness wasn't enough, authors and agents were at the same time lashing out at traditional houses. It was almost impossible to sit down to lunch with an agent without hearing complaints about "land-grabbing" publishers that were rewriting electronic-rights clauses grossly in their favor. Publishers may not have known why they wanted what they wanted, but they knew they had to have it. Napster it was not, but the book industry, after years of sitting on the sidelines, finally had an electronic issue to call its own, the first since a CD-ROM controversy in the early nineties.

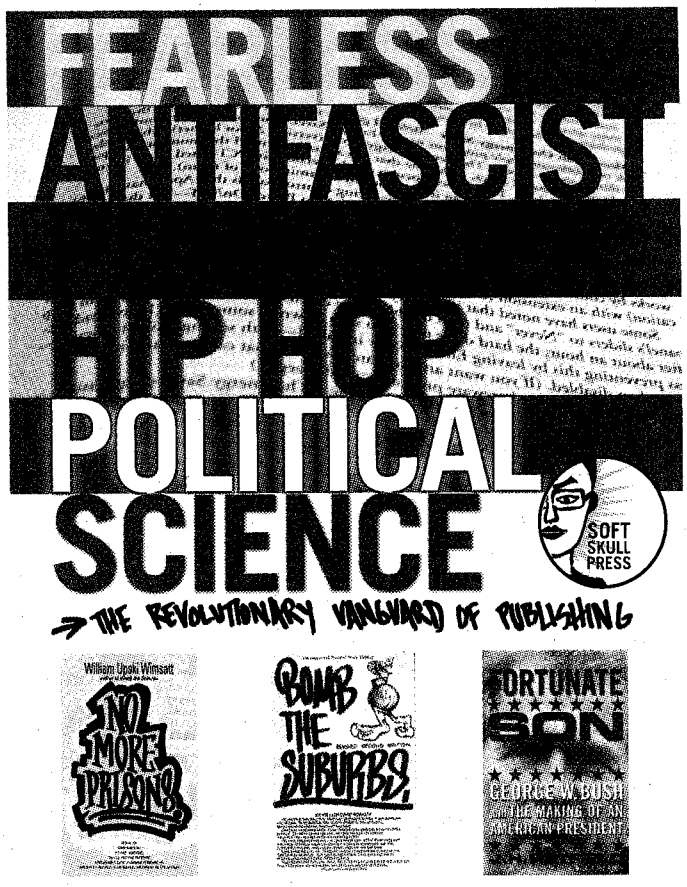
Things quieted down for a bit after that. Then, as 1999 moved along, the startups began to come. And startups don't just come in ones and twos, but in packs. By now, at least, most publishers were ready. They had learned to talk the language. "Digitization" became the operative word, the way surgery is an operative word. Like surgery, it was something not everyone wanted to think about—in this case, because it reminded them of how behind they were. One disgusted high-ranking online official told me several months ago, "They have no idea what they're doing," describing a world where entire books had to be keyed in, a kind of inefficiency that would do the Politburo proud. Still, the nominal cooperation between traditional houses and tech companies had begun, and a better reading world through bits and bytes looked possible.

Then March brought a shocking development: the story of King. Not the story told in the media, the hypester version perpetuated by the likes of Matt Lauer, but a different tale. In releasing "Riding the Bullet," Simon & Schuster had allowed everyone to become its affiliate—i.e., anyone who wanted to sell it and cut S&S in on the royalties could do so. Everyone, that is, but one. Fatbrain was not given permission to sell it. The publisher lamely tried to spin it as a security issue, but the reality was uglier. Fatbrain had reportedly made a run at King himself, looking for exclusive publication rights to "Bullet." This, apparently, upset King and infuriated S&S, which proceeded to clamp down.

On its face, this seemed like merely a feud between publishers over an author. Houses get into these tugs-of-war all the time. S&S itself had secured King from his longtime publisher Viking. But the significance of this particular tiff was unmistakable. For the first time, a New York house looked 3,000 miles to the west and saw a threat. For the first time, the possibility of an author jumping overboard didn't seem so implausible, not to S&S, at least, which clung obstinately to its strange distribution policy.

King may not have succumbed, and S&S may have been in a position where it didn't have to yield. But the very existence of tension underscores a conflict that is sure to rock publishing soon. It highlighted a potential schism, between loyalist authors not wanting to turn their backs on their houses and those who will. Not every author, after all, has the seven-figure advances and sanguine contract of a Stephen King.

Of course, getting authors to publish readable and competent work electronically is contingent on the evolving technology, on the transmutation of what currently exists into something a little more, well, magical. Given the speed at which technology is pres-



No More Prisons & Bomb the Suburbs
by William Upski Wimsatt
William Upski Wilmsatt is a wild hybrid of social activist and transcendent street prophet. *No More Prisons*, his follow-up to *Bomb the Suburbs,* blends philanthropy, prison reform and urban renewal with tales of a rebel trying to unite every youth activist on the globe.

Fortunate Son:
George W. Bush and the Making of an American President
by J.H. Hatfield
George W. Bush is haunted by his past: his draft-dodging Vietnam, his cocaine habit, his anti-Semitism, his involvement in the BCCI Scandal, his SEC investigation for insider-trading, and the special favors with business associates while Governor of Texas. Author J.H. Hatfield stands by three confidential sources that allege Bush was arrested for cocaine possession in 1972 and had that arrest expunged from the record through a family favor. Underneath heavy fire in the media, the former publisher panicked, recalling this book although it was #30 on *The New York Times* Hardcover Nonfiction Best-Seller list. Soft Skull reprints Fortunate Son to allow the voters to judge for themselves.

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ently moving, there's little reason to think this won't happen. It also depends on a more willing reading public and, not to put too fine a demographic point on it, on a younger, computer-obsessed generation growing into able consumers with disposable income, also not unlikely, given the quickening pace of this country's e-narrative.

Right now, authors turn to publishers not only for validation—"Random House is publishing my next book"—but also because these outlets know how, in the parlance of the industry, "to get these books to market." But as e-books and electronic content proliferate, traditional publishers will look commensurably less appealing. And even if these traditional publishers can successfully segue into these areas, they will certainly not dominate them. The oligopoly of a handful of houses controlling the great majority of what we read will not prevail.

Talking heads are fond of asking, "In the new age, who needs a publisher?" It's a strange question, really, something that has come to seem like a chestnut before we've really had to contend with it. Talk to most executives at traditional publishing houses and watch the reflexiveness kick in, the eyes roll back, the faint but noticeable convulsing of various appendages. Why, of course we will remain relevant, they say mindlessly. Authors could reach their readers more directly with the help of computers and the web, but why would they want to? After all, there is so much we do for them that they could not do themselves.

Putting aside the dubiousness of such a claim—what is a book tour if not the author as publicist, or second and third drafts if not a process of self-editing?—the disconnect between the two statements is huge. Authors may not want to reach the public directly, but that doesn't mean they'll need to pay a corporation like Random House to do it. After all, the very notion of a publisher is predicated on inefficiency, the grouping of disparate services like marketing, editing and rights under one corporate umbrella. (Even in today's consolidated environment, one could hardly imagine a financial services company, a law firm, magazine editors and web designers all working together for the sake of "efficiency" in most other industries.) The allure of electronic publication and distribution will thus accelerate a splicing and reconfiguration of the industry. As authors move to new digital frontiers, and attracting writing talent becomes increasingly difficult for traditional houses, editors might wonder why it pays to stay with a corporation, and they could move to form their own collectives. (Freelance editing is already a hot area.) A new breed of marketing and publicity specialist, skilled in the art of funneling books through electronic channels, will shed the anchor with which a house shackles him. And authors themselves might turn to the websites, be they booksellers like barnesandnoble.com or other so-called aggregators. Disintermediation? Perhaps not. New intermediaries? Most definitely.

Publishing houses will not be the only entities to split open as though in a nutcracker vise. The book itself, with the help of shifting technology and business realities, will change as well. Microsoft's Dick Brass, a man charged with bringing his company (and this country?) into an era of digital reading, pronounces, "We are working toward a book that is electronic, but soon we will have an electronic book." Why rely on others to create an anthology when you, the reader, can pick and choose at will? Why buy an entire travel title or history book or biography when you're only seeking one or two chapters of information? The de facto power of the book industry to make an authoritarian choice, put it between two covers, ship it to a printer and sell it for thirty dollars will evaporate. Fluid will replace static; choice will supplant limitation.

Where all this leaves us is in a compelling and ambiguous moment. Certainly, more possibilities will complicate our lives as readers—but ultimately enhance them as well. More choices will also complicate the lives of publishers. For good or ill, it will, in some cases, bury them.

Finally, these new technologies will affect authors and editors, who will be able to create works of far more postmodern ambitions. Like mouse-clicking deejays, they could assemble their own pastiche in a sort of literary sampling. They could include in one "book" or file or download a little Bellow, some Updike—perhaps, in the true postmodern tradition, some Foster Wallace. Stephen King may have helped start the e-book revolution, but it is writers taking cues from cut-and-paste artists such as Moby, Beck and Puffy who will carry it out.

After all, 2001 is almost upon us. And 2001 is a year close to the heart of Arthur C. Clarke. ■

When the CIA Was the NEA

MICHAEL P. ROGIN

THE CULTURAL COLD WAR: The CIA and the World of Arts and Letters.
By Frances Stonor Saunders. New Press. 509 pp. $29.95.

In June 1948 George Kennan, director of the State Department's policy planning staff, drafted National Security Directive NSC-10/2. It set up an Office of Policy Coordination that would direct covert government operations "so planned and executed that any U.S. government responsibility for them is not evident to unauthorized persons, and that if uncovered the U.S. government can plausibly disclaim any responsibility for them." A Psychological Warfare Workshop was set up within the OPC; Howard Hunt, later to continue his vocation as one of the Watergate plumbers, directed it. Among Hunt's assets was CIA agent Carleton Alsop, working undercover at Paramount Studios. Shortly after George Orwell died in 1950, Hunt sent Alsop to acquire the film rights to *Animal Farm* from Orwell's widow, Sonia. It was Hunt who chose Louis de Rochemont to produce the feature animation. (Given the clandestine CIA control, how appropriate that de Rochemont, under whom Hunt had worked on the *March of Time* newsreel documentaries, had already made a film about secret identity, *Lost Boundaries*, in which a black doctor's decision to pass as white is blamed on the hostility he encounters not in the white community but among blacks.)

For the CIA to finance and distribute *Animal Farm*, however, something had to be done about the ending. In Orwell's anti-Stalinist original, the pigs who overthrow the farmer ruling class end up mingling with their former oppressors. As pigs and farmers toast one another in the farm house, "the creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which." The CIA solved this problem of the symbiotic relationship be-

Michael P. Rogin, author of The Intellectuals and McCarthy, Ronald Reagan, The Movie *(California) and other works, is Robson Professor of Political Science at the University of California, Berkeley.*

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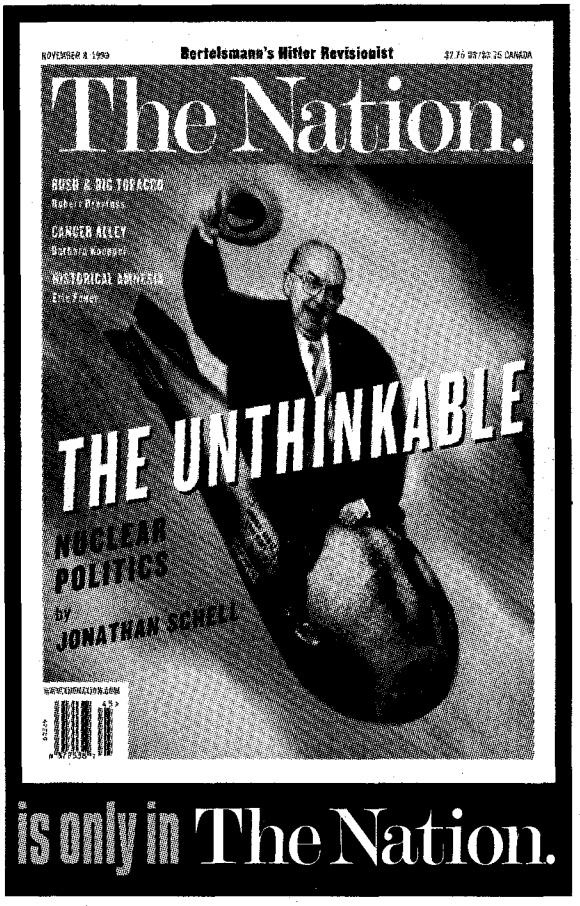
WHAT THE MEDIA ISN'T TELLING YOU

About Bertelsmann's Hidden Nazi Past In an exposé trumpeted coast to coast, *The Nation* revealed that Bertelsmann - the largest book publisher in the U.S. - has carefully hidden its stalwart complicity with the Third Reich.

About the Secret History of Lead In an exhaustive special report, *The Nation* showed how General Motors, Standard Oil and Du Pont colluded to make and market gasoline containing lead - a deadly poison - although there were safe alternatives. Abetted by the US government, they suppressed scientific evidence that lead kills. Still sold in countries all over the world, leaded gasoline continues to poison the planet.

About *The Wall Street Journal* Contrary to its self-assessment as "the world's most important publication," Gore Vidal noted for *The Nation* "just how unknown this cheery neofascist paper is to the majority of Americans."



is only in The Nation.

About The Battle in Seattle. "Seattle was indeed a milestone of a new kind of politics. Labor shed its nationalism for a new rhetoric of internationalism and solidarity. Progressives replaced their apologetic demeanor of the past twenty years with confidence, style and wit."

About The Battle Beyond Seattle. As William Greider put it in his debut as *The Nation*'s national affairs correspondent, "Arrogance designed the WTO; arrogance will doubtless defend it. In the meantime, the WTO can serve as a splendid rallying point for popular resistance."

About The F.B.I. An intensive investigation for *The Nation* turned up everything from slovenly casework to massively skewed priorities. Example: Number of convictions for health and safety violations against employees in a single year: one. Number of telephone taps: 1.3 million.

About Arts Funding As columnist Katha Pollitt wrote, "the right-wing attack on the National Endowment for the Arts is playing to a small, if ferocious, constituency. Contrary to stereotype, Americans *like* the arts, and the more access they have to them, the more they like them."

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tween capitalism and Communism by eliminating the farmers from the final scene. In the added-on CIA finale, when the barnyard animals attack the new ruling class (the sort of invitation to revolt that the agency would soon issue, and fail to support, in Hungary), capitalist exploiters are as invisible on the screen as was the CIA behind the camera.

Hollywood's *Animal Farm* is not only an instance of how, for the first two decades of the cold war, the CIA served as the American "Ministry of Culture"—to use Kennan's own approving Orwellian label. It is also a parable for the trajectory of the "Non-Communist Left," the agency's term for the group of anti-Stalinist intellectuals it singled out as its witting and unwitting secret agents for the cultural cold war. When left anti-Stalinists like Melvin Lasky, Irving Kristol, Leslie Fiedler, Dwight Macdonald, Arthur Koestler and Ignazio Silone opposed both the Soviet and US imperial camps in the late thirties or exposed the nature of the Soviet system during World War II, they were a beleaguered minority; their comrades were (as Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* famously described) murdered in Spain. But as the hot war against Nazism metamorphosed into the cold war against Communism, and as they chose the side of the United States, they embraced a worldview and mode of operations organized around apocalyptic, embattled anti-Communism.

The Cultural Cold War sometimes gives way to the tendency to dismiss the anti-Stalinist left as in effect "premature anti-Communists," as if (like the "premature antifascists" stigmatized by the US state security apparatus during the thirties Popular Front and World War II) their early prescience should speak against them, as if they were bringing no big news either about the Soviet domestic terror or the role of international Communism—as if, to take one example from *The Cultural Cold War*, everyone acknowledged that the Rosenbergs were guilty, and the only issue was whether they should be executed. But the problem lay not in the left anti-Stalinists' early recognition of the character of the Soviet system but rather in their trading in of pariah status to act as the organic intellectuals of the national security state. Whereas only a tiny number (on the vanguard-party model) actually took orders or distributed money from the CIA, a lot more were fairly witting fellow travelers.

Domestic politics had become "boring," former-socialist-become-sociologist Seymour Martin Lipset noted in 1960 in the last chapter of his *Political Man* (quoting something a Swedish newspaper editor had told him), because "the fundamental political problems of the industrial revolution have been solved." "Ideology and passion may no longer be necessary to sustain the class struggle within stable and affluent democracies," Lipset went on, "but they are clearly needed in the international effort to develop free political and economic institutions in the rest of the world." Lipset was announcing not "the end of ideology" (title of his chapter and of Daniel Bell's 1960 book) but its transfer to the fight against Communism.

You may have read that the CIA bought film rights to Orwell's Animal Farm *to tell it their way—but did you know about the other arts?*

"Ideology and passion" required material support, however, and as *The Cultural Cold War* shows in telling detail, the CIA supplied it. Occupied Berlin, Melvin Lasky complained in 1947, was like a nineteenth-century frontier town—"Indians on the horizon, and you've simply got to have that rifle handy" or "your scalp is gone." But whereas a "frontier-town was full of Indian-fighters," Lasky complained, Berlin lacked them. Changing his metaphor from the gun to the Bible and imagining converting the primitives rather than killing them, he explained that the cold war battleground required a hard-hitting cultural journal to combat European anti-Americanism. In his words, "It would be foolish to expect to wean a primitive savage away from his conviction in mysterious jungle-herbs simply by the dissemination of modern scientific medical information." The result of Lasky's memo to military governor Gen. Lucius Clay was *Der Monat*, financed first through Marshall Plan "confidential funds" and then by the CIA. Two years later the intelligence agency set up the Congress for Cultural Freedom and assigned operative Michael Josselson to run it. With CIA financing, the CCF in turn sponsored *Preuves*, *Encounter* (Josselson called it "our greatest asset") and a series of journals around the world. Within the United States, CIA agent Robie Macauley edited the literary magazine *Kenyon Review*. Laundering its money through small CIA-created nonprofits, especially the Farfield Foundation, and cooperating with the giant Ford and Rockefeller outfits, the CIA sent black jazz artists abroad to put a false front on the state of race relations at home. To communicate the vibrancy of an American high culture inflected away from politically committed left-wing art, it sponsored European appearances of the Boston Symphony, festivals of modern music and exhibitions of Abstract Expressionism. Supplementing the motion-picture industry's own blacklist, the CIA also mimicked the House Un-American Activities Committee fantasy about the Hollywood left by working undercover to put the government message onscreen. Although *The Cultural Cold War* does not have an adequate footnote apparatus (citations typically lack page numbers) and sometimes suffers from a gossipy tone, honor to the author for the material she has gathered and the way she has put the story together.

Cold war triumphalists like the German journalist Josef Joffe, who dismissed *The Cultural Cold War* in the *New York Times Book Review*, justify CIA secrecy by the historical context—the Communist threat on the one hand, the absence of public subsidies for the arts on the other. "History confirmed the verdict when the Berlin Wall fell in 1989," concludes Joffe. Would he excuse the Strategic Defense Initiative by the same survival-of-the-fittest logic? What would he say about the CIA-sponsored coups in Guatemala and Iran, about the millions of dead and disappeared from Latin America to Southeast Asia, who can be laid, in the struggle against what was imagined to be a Soviet-directed international Communist monolith, at the American door?

Since Joffe admires *Encounter* as a journal of culture and politics, and approves of modern art, he wants to distinguish the cultural front from other CIA operations. To be sure, although the *Encounter* office manager came from the clandestine wing of the British Foreign Office, and although the CIA and British intelligence shared the salaries of the magazine's two co-editors, CCF executive director Josselson rarely had to intervene in daily editorial matters, and he did not always get his way. Along with the fundamental meeting of minds in the *Encounter* community, there was also a constant quarreling that often put Josselson on the less stridently anti-Communist side. (Josselson organized a clemency petition for the Rosenbergs, for example, whereas *Encounter*'s first issue published Leslie Fiedler's diatribe that the Communist couple was so taken over by ideological kitsch that there was nothing left of them to kill.) Minimizing the CIA's role in *Encounter* because the journal's editors were not simply following orders, however, diverts attention from the large, pernicious consequences of having a clandestine government agency act as the Ministry of Culture.

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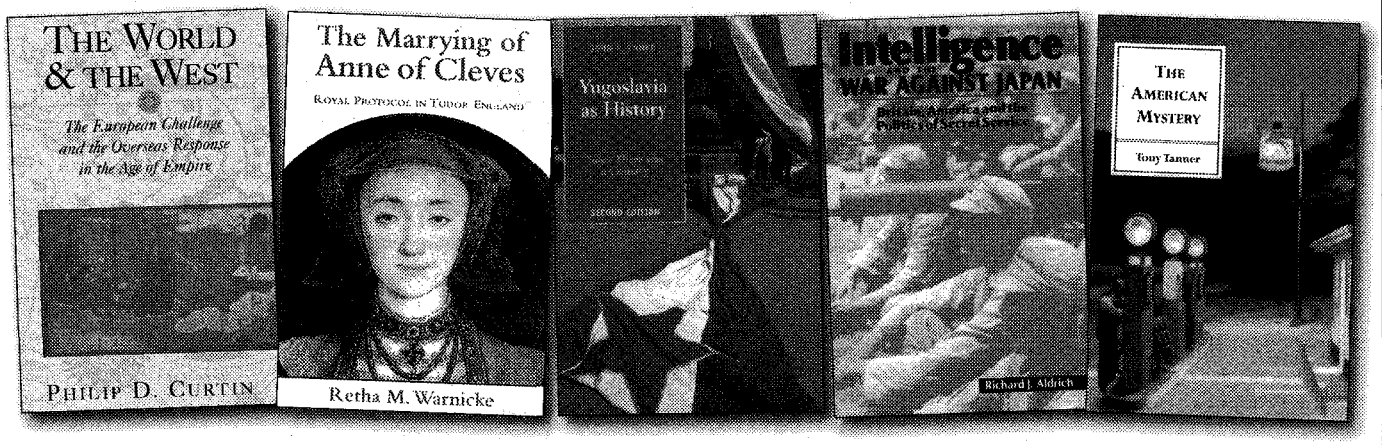
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There was, first, the secret subsidy of one set of intellectual orientations over others in the name of the free marketplace of ideas. There was, second, the construction of a cross-Atlantic ambience that pulled initially suspicious British intellectuals into the American orbit and, with many *Encounter* contributors joining the Harold Wilson government, would contribute to Labour Party support for the American war in Vietnam. There was, third, the poisonous atmosphere of basic intellectual mistrust: As suspicions surfaced, those making the accusations of CIA support were themselves investigated in an effort to discredit them, and it was impossible to distinguish definitively between the manipulators and the manipulated. And there was, finally, in the name of the autonomy of culture from politics that was said to distinguish the United States from the Soviet Union, the use of fine art as a political weapon.

The CIA justified its covert support for serious culture as the alternative to withdrawing from the field, once Michigan Congressman George Dondero attacked a State Department exhibition by declaring that "all modern art is Communistic." (Would that it were so.) By the same token, the non-Communist left preferred an elite state security apparatus to what it now saw as the "populist" Joe McCarthy, who was (in their view) aiding the Soviet Union by attacking the national security state; among his targets were CIA agents themselves. (*The Manchurian Candidate*, with its depiction of a senator modeled on McCarthy as an unwitting Communist tool, would soon put that view onscreen.) Frank Wisner, the agent who had earlier laundered pro-Nazis so they could be used in the cultural cold war, tried to stop the American Committee for Cultural Freedom from taking the position that the Wisconsin Senator threatened the cultural freedom it was supposed to be defending. Wisner worried that a split over McCarthy would shatter the organization, and so it did.

Neither Dondero nor McCarthy was actually a populist, in fact, since neither spoke for a mobilized popular constituency. But just as so-called populist anti-Communism served to justify secret government operations as the more effective and responsible alternative, so CIA intervention on the cultural front helped legitimize in response a suspicion of modernism on the part of self-proclaimed left populists (whose popular constituency for their cultural politics was no greater than was McCarthy's or Dondero's). Saunders has some pretty foolish condemnations of Abstract Expressionism as painting "*for* the Cold War." She implies that an Ad Reinhardt canvas should be elevated above a Mark Rothko because Reinhardt joined the 1963 civil rights march on Washington. (At the same time, she prudently avoids attacking the black musicians who were also secretly funded by the CIA.) Nonetheless, although it does not discredit the art itself, the CIA did put its resources behind a view of the politics of Abstract Expressionism that is shared by left populists (although they replace the CIA plus sign with a minus sign). As cold war intellectuals were attacking the Communist politicization of art, the easy CIA slippage between culture as aesthetic expression and as political weapon generated, in symbiotic revenge, left political-loyalty tests for creative work.

And what of Michael Josselson? As a sign of the power of cultural freedom, the executive director of the CCF began to shift his loyalties from his secret government employer to the organization it was paying him to run. But Josselson proved unable to emancipate the CCF from CIA financing. Failing also to shift the Congress away from its cold war raison d'être, he was beginning to find the *New York Review of Books* more exciting than *Encounter*. By 1967 Josselson was, he wrote, ashamed "of remaining an American citizen in the face of the war in Vietnam." Nonetheless, he had continued to lie to close friends like editor Stephen Spender as the CIA connection was being exposed by the *New York Times* and *Ramparts* magazine. When this spy was forced to resign by the CCF Assembly, the national security bureaucracy and its network of foundations left him out in the cold. For with the exposure of CIA secret influence and with the divisions over the war in Vietnam, the utility of the non-Communist left in the cultural cold war had come to an end. When some of the same faces resurfaced a decade later, first in the Committee on the Present Danger (the group of intellectuals and politicians instrumental in heating up the cold war) and then in the Reagan regime, they would speak as neoconservatives. And in keeping with the privatization of American politics, the organic intellectuals of the right turn in public life and thought receive open foundation and think-tank subsidies rather than secret government support. So far as we and most of them know. ■

'Princess Among the Trolls'

JOHN LEONARD

SEEING MARY PLAIN: A Life of Mary McCarthy. By Frances Kiernan. Norton. 845 pp. $35.

At Bard, Mary McCarthy gave a Russian Novel party. Students were asked to come dressed up as their favorite characters. Mary, of course, was Anna Karenina. I mean, who else? Father Zosima? "Our Diana," wrote Robert Lowell in a poem, "rash to awkwardness.... Whose will-shot arrows sing cleaner through the pelt?" He also called her a Dark Age luminary and an Irish hothead. Of the hundreds of people who talked to Frances Kiernan for this delicious biography—posting, as it were, on what amounts to an M.M. website—more than one recalls her as "a black-haired Grace Kelly." That she identified with Catiline in a Latin Club play at the Annie Wright Seminary is easy to imagine. That she was the Virgin in a nativity pageant later on at Vassar is a bit harder. But when an angry nun in parochial school told her, "You're just like Lord Byron, brilliant but unsound," she was positively thrilled.

Not that there weren't dissenting opinions. From Rosalind Baker Wilson, for instance, the angry stepdaughter: "She was Anna Karenina without the warmth, and if there was a Vronsky, he was not a handsome officer but a complicated Jewish intellectual." For Delmore Schwartz she was always "the whore," which didn't prevent him from making a pass, as would Paul Tillich, Arthur Koestler, John Berryman and Igor Stravinsky. Saul Bellow, who hasn't a nice thing to say about anyone in these many pages, thought she was beautiful but "in a sort of enameled way. I mean, she had a perfect exterior finish. It was a little unnatural." To Alfred Kazin, she was "too clever and talkative. And then there was that Irish jaw." And although Randall Jarrell had praised her stories to butter up her important husband, he turned on her in *Pictures from an Institution*: "Torn animals were removed at sunset from that smile."

But the bullyboys at *Partisan Review*

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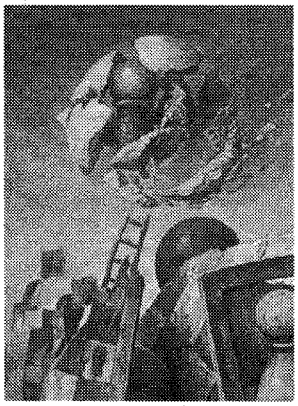
SPIRIT MATTERS



MICHAEL LERNER

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BY MICHAEL LERNER

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were used to dishing it out, not taking it. And Mary usually gave better than she got. Very early on, for instance, in "The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt"—about a one-night stand in a Pullman car that could have been the inspiration for the carwash episode of *Ally McBeal*—she summed up her experience so far with the opposite sex:

> And if she had felt safe with the different men who had been in love with her it was because—she saw it now—in one way or another they were all of them lame ducks. The handsome ones, like her fiancé, were good-for-nothings, the reliable ones, like her husband, were peculiar-looking, the well-to-do ones were short and wore lifts in their shoes or fat with glasses, the clever ones were alcoholic or slightly homosexual, the serious ones were foreigners or else wore beards or black shirts or were desperately poor and had no table manners. Somehow each of them was handicapped for American life and therefore humble in love. And was she too disqualified, did she really belong to this fraternity of cripples, or was she not a sound and normal woman who had been spending her life in self-imposed exile, a princess among the trolls?

Note the dying fall and saving qualm, the characteristic turning of the scissors on herself for the briefest of bloody snips. She had been theatrical—Hotspur! Trotsky! Cinderella!—even before she started saying terrible things about Tennessee Williams, Eugene O'Neill and Arthur Miller in her *PR* "Theatre Chronicle." But she had also been masochistic, turning her satirical eye on her posturing self: "an ardent literary little girl in an Episcopal boarding school on the West Coast, getting up at four in the morning to write a seventeen-page medieval romance before breakfast, smoking on the fire-escape and thinking of suicide, meeting a crippled boy in the woods by the cindery athletic field, composing a novelette in study hall about the life of a middle-aged prostitute." If she became notorious, at age 23, for shooting the wounded in a *Nation* survey of the state of American book reviewing, she'd be no less merciless reviewing herself: "Laughter is the great antidote for self-pity, maybe a specific for the malady. Yet probably it does tend to dry one's feelings out a little, as if by exposing them to a vigorous wind.... There is no dampness in my emotions, and some moisture, I think, is needed to produce the deeper, the tragic notes." Besides: "Something happens in my writing—I don't mean it to—a sort of distortion, a sort of writing on the bias, seeing things with a sort of swerve and swoop."

Well, I'm writing on a bias too. Beware of swerves and swoops. "Before I met her," Mary Gordon tells us, "I often had a big fantasy.... I knew that she had a son, so I thought what I would try to do was marry her son and she could be my mother-in-law." My own fantasy—since high school, when *A Charmed Life* (1955) sent me immediately back to *Cast a Cold Eye*, *The Groves of Academe*, *The Oasis* and (oh my) *The Company She Keeps*—was hairier. Ideas had genitals! My adolescent conviction that everything would have been better for both of us if only I'd been born twenty-five years earlier, or she had waited to appear for another generation, was confirmed my freshman year of college, by *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood*. Like her, hadn't I grown up word-drunk and moon-maddened on the wrong ocean, gone off to an Ivy League finishing school where everybody had more money, and secretly feared disgracing myself in New York, among the high-browsing categorical imperatives, the Gogols, Babels and Kafkas? But if this brainy woman, this "woman Stendhal," this wild Irish orphan with the abusive papist uncle and the secret Jewish grandmother, could go to bed with trolls like Philip Rahv and Edmund Wilson, surely there was hope for all of us. Remember the nerdiest!

By the time I finally did meet her, in the seventies, she was between her ferocious books on Vietnam and Watergate, settled into her fourth marriage, to the diplomat James West, and full of gray-eyed matronly advice, to be followed up with little blue aerograms from Paris, gently reproving. But the woman I saw was still Meg Sargent, and I still wanted to run away with her to Venice, where we would read Sylvia Townsend Warner's novel on the Paris Commune and translate Simone Weil's essay on the *Iliad* into muscular English. How it must gall the *PR* boys, down in whatever circle of Dante's Inferno they were shipped to on money laundered by the Congress for Cultural Freedom, to watch "the witch of Endor" get her fourth biography, to find that they are once more merely footnotes to her friendship with Hannah Arendt, and to see that we still care. No wonder Edmund Wilson hit her with a chair.

I have a theory—actually, a prejudice cross-dressing, as if for a Russian Novel party. Perhaps you remember Jim Barnett in "Portrait of the Intellectual as a Yale Man." He was the "regular young guy, anywhere in America," who came down in 1932 to New York from New Haven, where he could have been Bones but wasn't, to start writing about class war for liberal magazines as if it were a regular American thing to do. The Old Left loved him:

> Most men had come to socialism by some all-too-human compulsion—they were out of work or lonely or sexually unsatisfied or foreign-born or queer in one of a hundred bitter, irremediable ways. They resembled the original twelve apostles in the New Testament; there was no real merit in their adherence, and no hope, either. But Jim was like the Roman centurion or Saint Paul; he came to socialism freely, from the happy center of things, by a pure act of perception which could only have been brought about by grace; and his conversion might be interpreted as a prelude to the conversion of the world.

McCarthy appears to have modeled Jim on John Chamberlain, whose rightward passage from these bright beginnings took him first to the *New York Times* (where, in fact, he gamely reviewed *The Company She Keeps*: "its satire is administered as gently and as murderously as a cat administers death to a mouse"), then to Henry Luce and finally to Bill Buckley's *National Review*. Which passage has an ironic echo: So, in a kind of antistrophe, must the ex-Communist ex-sinners at *National Review*, the James Burnhams and Frank Meyers, have rejoiced when Garry Wills showed up from the heartland in the late fifties—a prelude to the conversion of the world!—before civil rights and Vietnam caused him to apostasize.

But while these grizzled backroom lefties, many of them European, most of them Jewish, all of them hard-drinking males, looked out their windows on Washington Square for young men from the Regular America to rally to their cause, blowing through the front door, in high heels, came Mary McCarthy from Seattle and Jean Stafford from Colorado and Elizabeth Hardwick from Kentucky—American Beauty roses every one of them. ("Among Stalinist males," Mary recalled, "the Trotskyists were believed to have a monopoly on 'all the beautiful girls.'") And the young women went not only to their parties and their barricades but also to their beds. What did this signify? A reward for virtue? A miracle of faith? Perhaps even *entitlement*? Who knew the beautiful girls were taking notes and would publish stories, novels and memoirs? At least, later on, the secrets of the Partisan, Kenyon, Hudson and Sewanee Reviewers were safe with the CIA.

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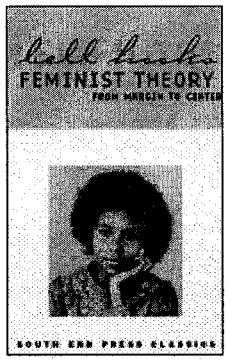

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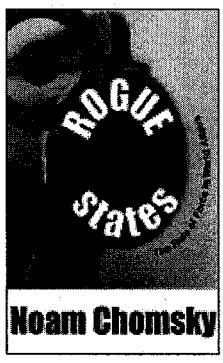

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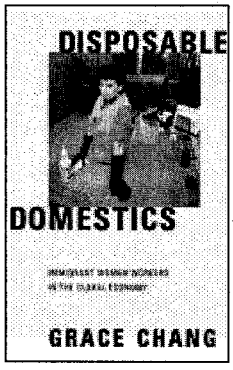

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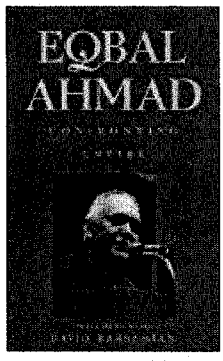

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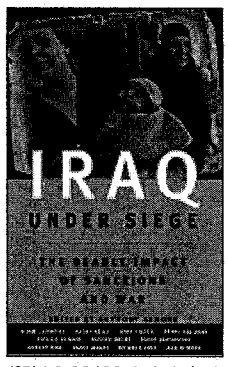

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She must have looked like the Permanent Revolution.

My sympathies rained equally on Communists, Socialists, Anarchists, and the brave Catholic Basques. My heart was tense and swollen with popular-front solidarity. I applauded the Lincoln Battalion, protested non-intervention, hurried into Wanamakers's to look for cotton-lace stockings: I was boycotting silk on account of Japan in China. I was careful to smoke only union-made cigarettes.

(Mary McCarthy, "My Confession")

For the politics, Carol Brightman's *Writing Dangerously* (1992) is a better biography. From Brightman, we get a livelier sense of exactly what happened to the anti-Communist left in the cold war, "the sweetheart deal that American intellectuals enjoyed with the dark angel of American government for nearly two decades," those thrilling days of yesteryear when an elite *Bruderbund* of Ivy League swashbuckling spooks, a Skull and Bones patrician class of covert derring-doers, graduated from wartime service with "Wild Bill" Donovan to peacetime geopoliticking with the CIA—and, in the process, suborned an entire generation of professors, novelists, poets, critics and even Abstract Expressionists, with the Partisan Reviewers prominent among them. Is it really any wonder that so few of them had anything negative to say about redbaiting on the home front and adventurism abroad?

But they did not include Mary McCarthy, whose moral compass tended to point away from doctrinaire politics, toward magnetic poles like the anarchism of Carlo Tresca and the civil disobedience of Gandhi. Of Gandhi, she would write in 1948: "Was [he] murdered, as his assassin claimed, because of what he stood for on the Indian question, or rather because what he stood for in his life—simplicity, good humor, steadfastness—affronted his assassin's sense of human probability?" This, says Brightman, is the same question Mary had asked about the assassinations of Tresca and even Trotsky, with pretty much the same answer: "to the murderer, the serenity of the victim comes as the last straw." She would go on to find a similar "goodness" in figures as different as Ho Chi Minh and, during the Watergate hearings, Senator Sam Ervin. It was also the light—of Virgil and Dante in a sphere of hell—in which she saw the bomb on Hiroshima, "a kind of hole in human history."

From Kiernan, on the other hand, we get the psychodrama, minute-by-minute, and it's wonderfully wicked reading, with choral commentary at the end of each soap-operatic episode by everybody who remembers differently, wants to set the record straight, has old scores to settle or just loves to dish—from Isaiah Berlin, Jason Epstein and Elizabeth Hardwick to Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Gore Vidal and Helen Wolf. *Seeing Mary Plain* is a sort of Wagnerian Ring Cycle of the higher gossip. If, as applied to Mary, "bitch" was a noun, applied to the rest of her toothy circle it was a verb so active as to amount to a vocation. William Phillips, for instance, recalling from his lofty perch her gloomy scruples about the Bomb:

> My main criticism is that she substituted morality for politics. She was always moralizing. She was always taking the high road. It could be annoying.

Or Alison Lurie, who learned a lot from Mary about social satire, and has this to say about her marriage to Edmund Wilson:

> Going with a stronger older man was then and still is now a way of getting ahead in the world. It is a way of instantly skipping ten or twenty years socially and professionally. There's a downside to this that comes later when you realize that you're only Mrs. So-and-So. It's a trade-off. But if you go into it with your eyes open, it does have its advantages. It can work out if you're fast on your feet, like Mary was.

Or Susan Sontag, who was next in line as the obligatory, one-at-a-time Dark Lady of American Letters, the high priestess of Modern Tart, *PR*'s Playmate Cher:

> The one thing that follows from her being so pretty, which I've seen in my own knowledge of women and men, is that extremely beautiful people don't care about good looks in their partners. The great beauties often have homely mates. The Greta Garbos, as it were. They don't care. They've got enough beauty for two.

And so again, the Dickensian childhood and the Vassar literary magazine (with Muriel Rukeyser and Elizabeth Bishop: Why didn't *they* make it into *The Group*?); the affair with Philip Rahv and the marriage to the violent alcoholic Minotaur; the failed psychoanalysis, the savage stories, the gourmet cooking and Dwight Macdonald's *politics*; Nicola Chiaromonte and Hannah Arendt; Max Ascoli, Bernard Berenson, James Jones and Pham Van Dong; Dick Cavett, egging her on, and Lillian Hellman, the wrath of God in a Black-glama mink; Mary in Venice, Florence, Paris, Castine and Hanoi, while Eichmann, of course, was so much in Jerusalem. Writing to Hannah, whose *Eichmann* was being reviled just like Mary's *Group*, McCarthy turned their wounds into an elegant image:

> It occurs to me that a desire to make a sensation has taken precedence in New York over everything else.... If I am upset, I can imagine what you must be. And combining being upset for you and upset for myself has made my head spin. In this revolving door one is caught without an exit, and in this multiple vision—like a Picasso image—there is no cheek left to turn.

Nor does anybody turn one in the multiple visions and Moscow Trials of *Seeing Mary Plain*, which ends up as fisheyed as Picasso. Did you know that William Shawn asked her to do for Jerusalem what she had done for Venice and Florence, and aren't you sorry she didn't? That when Mary turned Arthur Koestler down, he promptly pounced on Elizabeth Hardwick? That Hardwick and Rahv both complained, to amused third parties, about each other's performance in bed? That Hardwick, Eugene McCarthy and Renata Adler all show up as characters in *Cannibals and Missionaries*? That before he became a professor of D.H. Lawrence and W.B. Yeats, F.W. Dupee slummed as a labor organizer on the New York waterfront? That the *New York Review of Books* rejected Pauline Kael's review of *The Group* in favor of Norman Mailer's auto-da-fé? That Saul Bellow thinks that Edmund Wilson looked like Mister Magoo? That Isaiah Berlin hated Hannah Arendt? That Allen Tate and Caroline Gordon deserved each other, giving the rest of us a break? Yes, you probably did, as readers of *The Nation*, where all these fried green tomatoes have been served up time and again. I am here simply to say that I still have a crush. So what if she reviewed *A Streetcar Named Desire* without ever mentioning Marlon Brando? The lesson of Philoctetes, as one of her husbands taught us himself, is that if you want the artist, you must take her wounds and all.

Because she made fun of herself, the tendency has been to think of McCarthy's politics as lacking the higher seriousness of, say, a Trilling or a Hook. (Never mind that she behaved with more principle during the Joe McCarthy rampage and opposed, in print, our war on Vietnam as early as 1964, and was no more satisfied by the verdicts in the My Lai trials of Calley and Medina than she would be by Nixon White House cover stories on the plumbers. So the books she wrote on these grave matters weren't as good as the books that

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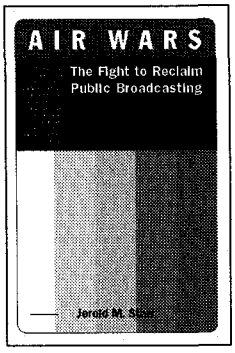

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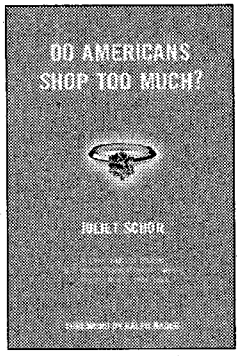

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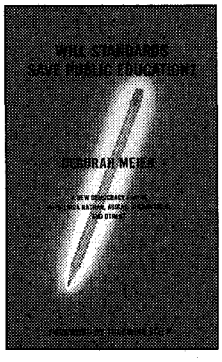

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IN OUR ORBIT

Witness to History

"In Our Orbit" is an occasional notice of books by those on the Nation *masthead or otherwise closely associated with the magazine; watch future issues for other installments. It makes no fetish of impartiality, though it does pretend to accuracy. —Ed.*

THE END OF THE PEACE PROCESS: Oslo and After.
By Edward W. Said.
Pantheon. 345 pp. $27.50.

Edward Said has here collected fifty essays, with the 1993 accords signed at the White House by Israel and the PLO as the axis around which they revolve. He is hardly sanguine, even should the accords "succeed" in reaching their stated ends—as he believes they will. Most of the essays were originally written for the Arab and European press, and provide a point of view rarely encountered in US reporting and commentary. The "peace process" (Said's quotations), he writes, is "not only inevitable in its course but certain in its conclusion.... The sheer disparity in power between the United States and Israel, on the one hand, and the Palestinians as well as the Arab states on the other, has dictated that...the Oslo agreements would end in apparent success." The poor assumptions and narrow grounds of the process mean "it can neither lead to a real peace nor likely provide for one in the future." Said is highly critical of the Palestinian Authority, reproving of the militarized natures of both Palestinian and Israeli society, saddened at the usurpation of freedoms as a result. His book closes with a piece titled "Truth and Reconciliation," its end note being that "injustice and belligerence don't diminish by themselves: they have to be attacked by all concerned. Now is the time."

WAY OUT THERE IN THE BLUE: Reagan, Star Wars and the End of the Cold War.
By Frances FitzGerald.
Simon & Schuster. 592 pp. $30.

Al Gore and George W. Bush are among those who needn't inquire about the pertinence of this book to any Man Who Would Be President—or any voter in this Republic, for that matter. Debate over a "missile shield" is exerting its throw weight in presidential electoral politics and foreign policy debates in the Clinton Administration. The book arrives seventeen years and some $60 billion further on from the launch pad of President Reagan's proposal for the Strategic Defense Initiative, with basically *bubkes* to show for it. You may have forgotten a few of the novel (and novelistic) ideas. The X-ray laser, easy enough, but remember "Brilliant Pebbles," the idea of filling space with tiny, five-pound "smart rocks" that would be intelligent enough to operate on their own? Dan Quayle praised its affordability and "use of available, largely demonstrated technologies." By 1990, writes FitzGerald, "the purpose of [that] deployment scheme had become even more mysterious than the virtue of the technology under consideration." Meese, Haig, McFarlane, Shultz, Weinberger—they're all here, as is Gorbachev and meticulous reporting on Reykjavik and beyond. This careful history is supplemented with shrewd guesses about Reagan's character, and America's. "Who wanted a real populist anyway?" FitzGerald writes at one point. "Better a President who would promise the miracle of a perfect defense and world peace without preaching the need for struggle or compromise. Reagan, the actor and politician, may have understood this."

S.: A Novel About the Balkans.
By Slavenka Drakulic.
Viking. 201 pp. $22.95.

What can be said, other than that Drakulic's novel will leave you with survivor guilt even while never having undergone the horrific events described. It is a novel based in fact, constructed the way a New Journalist might conflate interviews or characters into a composite, whose protagonist, a survivor of Bosnian detention camps, suffered repeated rape and eventually bore the unwanted result: "Now the tumor is beside her, as if transformed by some miracle into a child. It is difficult for S. to accept. She has never thought of it as a child, only as a disease...a parasite she wanted removed from her organism," but "it had survived. Just like her." Descriptions of camp life—in flashback—rival those of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* in graphic and compelling detail. Drakulic's novel grew out of her experience reporting on women in Croatian and Bosnian camps, in part for this magazine [see "Women Hide Behind a Wall of Silence," March 1, 1993].

Frances FitzGerald, Michael Herr, David Halberstam or Woodward and Bernstein wrote. But where were the books by Rahv or Phillips, by Lionel Abel or William Barrett?) Because she slept with, by her count, perhaps a hundred men and married four of them—"I have seldom been capable of living without love, not for more than a month"—the tendency has been to write her off as a clever bimbo. (Never mind that Mailer, Bellow and even Rahv seem never to have slept alone.) Because she disdained sixties feminism, the tendency has been to forget that the movement had many mothers and she was not the least of them, breaking the double standard even among eggheads, refusing to be victimized. (Kiernan is especially interesting on her inspirational value to Mary Gordon, Monique Wittig, Renata Adler and Diane Johnson.) Because she went on at such length about clothes, furniture, food and pessaries, the tendency has been to Tom Wolfe or Judith Krantz her. (But she was a nineteenth-century novelist, wanting always to know how things worked, where the money came from, who did what to whom—"What I really do is take real plums and put them in an imaginary cake"—and at least she wrote and wrote, instead of drinking and raving.) Because *The Group* was a lousy book, and *Birds of America* even worse, the tendency has been to ignore the excellence of *The Company She Keeps*, *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood*, *The Writing on the Wall* and *Venice Observed*. (So she couldn't be bothered to read Pynchon or Roth or Walker Percy. Just look what happened when she read Vladimir Nabokov or William Burroughs, not to mention George Orwell, J.D. Salinger and Dr. Kinsey.)

She believed in loyalty, friendship, honor, love, reason and the Enlightenment. She stood up for things, says Inge Morath, who knew her in Paris: "She was a true artist in that she didn't have a small mind. She was like a young chevalier with his sword. You know gallant soldiers don't always defend the right side." How quaint, in this postmodern era in which almost every professional thinker is a tweety bird in a corporate canary cage, in which they stampede over one another on their way to an Op-Ed parking space or a yak-show TV camera, where they have sold or leveraged their skepticism, their intellectual property rights, their firstborn children and their double helix to the highest bidder straight out of progressive preschool. I still imagine her skinny-dipping in Connecticut, among the trolls. What she really needed, besides me, was another Troy for her to burn. ■

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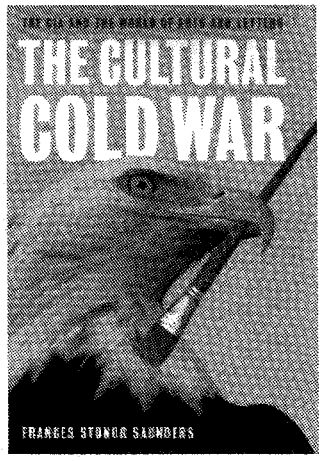

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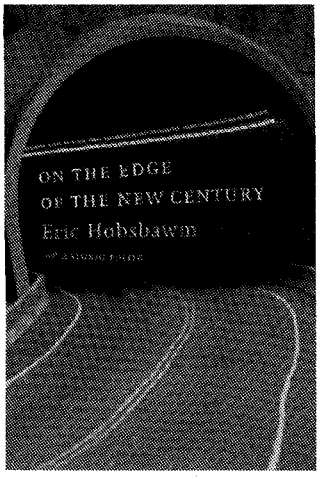

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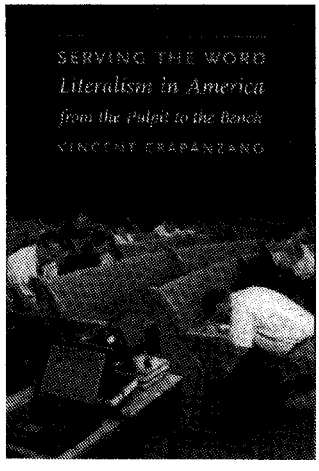

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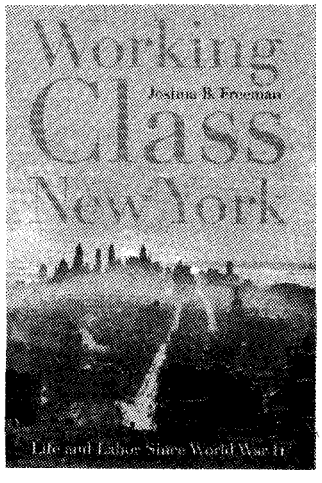

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Palaces of Dreams

MARIA MARGARONIS

ELEGY FOR KOSOVO. By Ismail Kadare. Arcade. 121 pp. $17.95.

The Battle of Kosovo, at which the Ottoman forces of Sultan Murad I defeated an assortment of Balkan leaders under the Serb Prince Lazar in 1389, is mostly known to the world through the mythology of Serbian nationalism, which takes it as the holy funeral pyre from which the Serbian phoenix will one day rise again. It was on the 600th anniversary of that battle that Slobodan Milosevic so ominously rallied his supporters in an area inhabited mainly by ethnic Albanians, effectively announcing his intention to tear apart the state of Yugoslavia.

In 1998, the year before the Kosovo crisis drew NATO into the Yugoslav war, the Albanian novelist Ismail Kadare published three linked fables that make of Kosovo a countermyth intended for Western eyes. Elegantly turned and subtly prophetic—for Kadare, like most observers of the region, needed no crystal ball to see what was coming next—his short book has won extravagant accolades in France and Britain. In a piece about the French edition published during the NATO bombing of Yugoslavia, the *London Review of Books* called for the work to be translated "as a matter of urgency," claiming that "almost every sentence offers a deeper understanding of life in the Balkans," and that Kadare "has set Kosovo, the battle, the myth, free from the chains of untruth."

Well, up to a point. Kadare's version of the battle is certainly closer to the few historical facts we have than Milosevic's, which among other embellishments spirits away the Bosnians, Hungarians, Albanians, Wallachians and others who fought there to invent a purely Serbian crucifixion. But Kadare, too, makes imaginative leaps unwarranted by the historical record—about the manner of Murad's death, the composition of the opposing armies and other matters of fact and interpretation. His *Elegy* is a work of literature, not a rehearsal of events. With its made-up "ordinary" characters, its spotlight on the ruminations of kings and princes and its offstage alarums and excursions, it has something of the flavor of Shakespeare's history plays. Like those plays, it is designed to promote a specific ideological program.

At first glance, Kadare's book looks like a plea for unity against the divisive force of nationalism. His battle gives us a rainbow coalition of Balkan peoples, with their elaborate titles, long names and colorful banners, fighting against the faceless hordes from the East, "obedient, sober, mute, and nameless like mud." But even as the Ottomans rout the Balkan allies, the Albanian and Serb rhapsodes Gjorg and Vladan, hired to turn their masters' exploits into epic song, can't abandon their old refrains: "Rise, O Serbs! The Albanians are taking Kosovo from us!" "Albanians, to arms! The pernicious Serb is seizing Kosovo!" Banished as refugees to unknown lands, they finally weep together: "Now that they were far away from Kosovo, it was as if they had been set free from its shadow. Now their minds could finally shed their fetters, and after their minds, their spirit." Still the old songs won't let go. Singing for their supper in a castle somewhere in Europe, they come out with the same tired couplets: "Both men were prisoners, tied to each other by ancient chains that they could not and did not want to break."

Setting aside for the moment the aid and comfort given by such passages to the "ancient hatreds" school of Balkan history, the brotherly sentiments expressed through Gjorg and Vladan seem surprisingly magnanimous in a book first published when Kosovo's Albanians were suffering bitterly at the hands of the Serbs. But, as so often with Kadare, there is another agenda. As in a dream, the meaning of the scene shifts subtly, almost imperceptibly. Seeing that the rhapsodes cannot change their songs, a great lady at the castle ("her eyes were fiery, but her face was white and cold") asks them to tell some stories from their homelands. Reluctantly they oblige, and the stories remind her of the Greek tragedies (the connection is an old theme of Kadare's) still, in 1389, mostly lost to the West: "the same diamond dust, the same seed." Uncannily prefiguring Tony Blair (who in 1999 called Kosovo "the doorstep of Europe") and sounding more and more like Madeleine Albright, she has a revelation: "That region, which seemed to be but a distant forecourt of Europe, was in fact its bridal chamber. The roots that had given birth to everything were there. And therefore it should under no circumstances be abandoned.... 'We must not abandon our outer court!' she almost said aloud. 'If it falls, we shall all fall!'"

And so what seemed at first to be an appeal for brotherhood between Serb and Albanian turns out to be something quite different: an appeal for intervention from the West. By gesturing at the political context of his book's composition and publication, smiling benevolently all the time, Kadare—look, no hands!—turns the Serbian myth of Kosovo neatly on its head. For if the enemy in 1389 was the Ottoman Empire (and in his last section, "The Royal Prayer," Kadare blames the Sultan's blood left on the battlefield for all the evils that have followed), the barbarians threatening the bridal chamber in 1998—the faceless (read Communist) Eastern hordes—were none other than the Serbs themselves.

Kadare is one of Europe's greatest living novelists, frequently nominated for the Nobel Prize; he has been compared to Solzhenitsyn, García Márquez, Gorky and Grass. His technique of using the past to comment on the present while preserving maximum deniability was honed over many years in Enver Hoxha's Albania: Born in the southern town of Gjirokaster (also Hoxha's birthplace) in 1936, he finally left his native land for Paris in October 1990, when the movement for democratization stirring in Tirana appeared decisively to have failed.

Long established as a Parisian literary lion, Kadare was pushed into the limelight as a political commentator by the war in Kosovo. In the self-righteous climate that prevailed during NATO's bombing of Yugoslavia, few questions were raised about his rather black-and-white version of Balkan history, which sets an eternal European (Greco-Albanian) civilization against incorrigible Eastern (Ottoman-Slav) barbarism. Writing in *Le Monde* and elsewhere, he described the Serbs' atrocities as a genocide that "recalls the times of Genghis Khan, Hitler and Stalin...supported by an insane solidarity that sometimes calls itself Orthodox, sometimes Slav, sometimes communist, or all three at once." But to murmur about Albanian nationalism while the Kosovars were being massacred and expelled from their homes seemed worse than bad taste; it seemed tantamount

Maria Margaronis is a Nation *contributing editor.*

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to condoning the ascendant and brutal nationalism of Milosevic's Serbia.

Now, though, the issue of Kadare's view of history seems more urgent than the political question that has dogged him, especially among Albanians, for many years: the nature of his relationship to the most rigid, repressive and paranoid of Europe's Communist regimes. A hint of the matted tangle of interpretation and counterinterpretation involved in that debate surfaced in 1997 in a dazzling but slippery *New York Review of Books* essay by Noel Malcolm, which, while claiming to free Kadare's reputation from "the crude alternatives of party hack vs. persecuted rebel," still cast enough aspersions to occasion an outraged response from the author himself. Without venturing too far into this minefield, it is safe to say that Kadare was no Vaclav Havel—an idea with which he torments himself, Hamlet-like, in his memoir *Albanian Spring*. He was a lifelong member of the Albanian Writers' Union and remained close to the regime, attempting to influence it from within, until the moment of his departure for France. As late as May 1990 his old friend Ramiz Alia, then President of Albania (and no Harold Bloom), was able to write, "Your work...carries a well-defined message: it tells of the heroic struggle by the people, the Party, and Enver Hoxha to defend freedom, the independence of our native land and the socialist ideal." But, by the same token, Communist Tirana was a far cry from Prague. "Stalin made two mistakes," said one Albanian Central Committee member during the Khrushchev era. "First, he died too early and second, he failed to liquidate the entire present Soviet leadership." The space available in Albania between compliance and the secret police was about the size of a cigarette pack, or perhaps a slim, densely overdetermined, crypto-allegorical novel.

Ramiz Alia's foray into literary criticism may offer one clue as to how Kadare managed eventually to publish so many of his books in his native land, though the novels available in English (eleven out of about eighteen) have no truck with socialist realism and barely touch on the heroic struggles of the party. (The one arguable exception is his simplest and most intimate novel, *Chronicle in Stone*, a hauntingly affectionate tale about his World War II childhood in Gjirokaster, held in the stony embrace of streets that seem to breathe and shift in their sleep, guiltily loving an Italian plane that nests on the airfield like a giant bird—though here, too, the realism is far more magical than socialist.) But Kadare's best defense against the censors was his ability to write parables as smooth and many-layered as onions, and far more difficult to peel apart. It is this whorled economy that gives his work its particular, mesmerizing grip—like Kafka without tedium, or Poe without creaking machinery—on both the intellect and the imagination.

Most of Kadare's novels involve a confrontation between two worlds: the old, irrational world of Balkan folk culture and a new bureaucratic or political or scholarly way of thinking that strives to contain it. In *Doruntine*, for instance, a medieval provincial official called Stres tries to come up with a plausible explanation for the events of a spine-chilling Balkan ballad: A young man has returned from the grave to bring his sister home from the distant village where she is married, keeping a promise he gave to his mother. Knowing that his superiors won't buy this ghost story, Stres secures a false confession from a man who says he staged the bizarre events as a cover for his illicit affair with Doruntine. But in a typically Kadarean twist, Stres himself becomes convinced that the supernatural explanation is the true one. The novel could be read as a Christian allegory; as an account of the origins of the Kanun, Albania's traditional honor code; as a justification of Communist Albania's fortresslike isolation; or as an antitotalitarian parable. At the same time, it unsprings the emotion tightly coiled in the old ballad, bringing the reader face to face with the terrible paradox of love that won't be stanched by death.

Kadare's best defense against censors was in writing parables as smooth and layered as onions—and more difficult to peel apart.

The encounter between the pre-Enlightenment and post-Enlightenment world is Kadare's obsession: He traces its faultlines in Albanian culture with the precision of a geologist mapping tectonic collisions. It makes itself felt in odd corners of his writing through the recurring metaphors of water and stone, the shaping elements of his beloved northern Albanian landscape. The stone, in the form of bridges, or cisterns, or towers, or tombstones, or pebbles grating underfoot, stoically tries to resist the water, which drips endlessly from the sky, or bursts its banks, or threatens to flood the basement of the house.

Stone also marks the boundary, highly permeable in Kadare's Albania, between the world of the living and the world of the dead. His books, like the folktales of the Balkans, are haunted by revenants and men awaiting death, as if the black earth never quite shuts its gaping mouth, however hard we tamp it down with slabs. *Broken April*, his most suspenseful novel, narrates the final days in the life of a man who has committed a murder in one of the centurieslong vendettas that still simmer in the Albanian highlands, and who will be killed in turn at the expiration of the thirty-day ritual truce granted by the Kanun. Elsewhere in his work men are walled up in towers or immured in bridges; a pharaoh plans his pyramid; epic fragments "climb out of the grave where the bard's body has been rotting away for years, claw their way through the earth, and come alive in another's song."

In some ways, these liminal figures are Kadare himself—an insider-outsider in his own land, an expert at moral levitation who appears to hover above both sides of the questions his books pile up. Like an anxious double agent tapping out his codes, Kadare peppers his writing with so many red herrings wrapped in symbolism and irony that a whole army of commissars schooled in Derridean deconstruction would be hard pressed to track them down. But the constant stream that runs through his work, implicitly in the novels, more explicitly in his nonfiction writing, is his view of the origins and destiny of the Albanian nation. Dipped in its water, the myths and folktales that give his novels such resonance take on a darker, more programmatic tinge.

In a nutshell, Kadare's version of his country's history goes like this: The Albanians, ancient inhabitants of the Balkan peninsula, developed alongside the Greeks and shared their role as founders of European civilization, which is based on the discovery, expressed in the *Iliad*, of guilt at the suffering of one's enemy. The laws of the Kanun and the old songs of the rhapsodes who forged epic out of history are remnants of the Homeric tradition, fractured by the violent incursions of Slav peoples into the Balkan peninsula from the seventh to the ninth centuries, which gave rise to the hatreds that still surface today. The Ottoman conquest, which brought about the conversion of large numbers of Albanians to Islam, drove an even deeper wedge between Albania and Europe, leading to the tragedy of Kosovo's subjection to the Slavs and the disaster of Communist dictatorship. Albania's hope now lies in a return to Christianity (this part is not popular with the 70 percent of Albanians who, before

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Hoxha's compulsory atheism, identified as Muslim) and to the arms of Europe, which owes it the recognition due one of its own.

This scenario is most wryly (and therefore sympathetically) expressed in Kadare's novel *The File on H*, a brilliant, slightly Tintinesque romp through 1930s Albania in the company of Bill and Max, an earnest pair of Irish-American classical scholars. Bill and Max have set out (like the American folklorist Albert Lord, whom Kadare once met at a conference in Ankara) to record the voices of the last rhapsodes and so analyze the workings of the "ancient Homeric workshop," which they imagine as a kind of disused tannery on the outskirts of Dublin. The highlands of northern Albania, they believe, are the last place on earth capable of giving birth to epic poetry: "The rest of the planet had passed through the menopause."

Unfortunately, Bill and Max run up against the old rivalry between Serbs and Albanians over whose version of the epics came first—and, therefore, over who can claim precedence in the Balkan peninsula. After a brief discussion with Max about whether this old conflict can be called a "racial war"—"For me that stinks of Nazism"—Bill gives way to the following reverie about the Slavs' arrival at the beginning of the Dark Ages:

> The Slav tide, it seemed, would never stop.... It must have been an unending straggle of women and children moving forward to the muddled sounds of yelling and squalling, a cohort obeying no orders, leaving no milestones or monuments, more like a natural disaster than a military invasion. That was the shock that disturbed the Balkans most, he reckoned, especially the Albanians of yore. All of a sudden they were in the midst of a Slavic sea: a grey, unending, anonymous Eurasian mass that could easily destroy all the treasures of the land where art had flourished more than anywhere else on earth. So what had to happen, happened: the people who had lived here for centuries took up arms and bloodied the shores of the ocean. And the waves were held back at that precise point, the shores of Kosovo.

Even in this deft and humorous work, the chauvinist side of nationalist mythography quickly makes itself felt. Here are the same faceless Eastern hordes who appear in *Elegy for Kosovo* and elsewhere, and who represent for Kadare not just the historical enemies of Albania but the force of spiritual and moral evil in an epic struggle between civilization and barbarism.

In his incarnation as semi-dissident novelist under Albania's Communist dictatorship, Kadare used myth as a tool for undermining monolithic official ways of thinking about history. He sought to become, in effect, his country's last rhapsode, turning the dross of historical events into the gold of literature with such curious skill that the process could never be undone. Now, like Gjorg and Vladan in *Elegy for Kosovo*, he finds himself in the courts of Europe, singing before a different set of lords. His work has found great favor, but it is already weaving itself into the fabric of a larger epic sung not by Serbs or Albanians but by the Homers of the State Department, to whom small Balkan nations traditionally have a more instrumental value.

For if Kadare's *Elegy* subverts the Serbian myth of Kosovo, it does so by replacing it with a version of the master narrative sketched out in Samuel Huntington's famous 1993 essay "The Clash of Civilizations?" itself the latest in a venerable line of legends. Huntington's scheme, you may recall, aimed to fill the foreign policy gap left by the end of the cold war with a new division, between "Western civilization," on the one hand, and the "Slavic-Orthodox" and Islamic world, on the other. Kadare's

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identification of Ottomans and Serbs as the enemies of European culture fits in neatly with this attempt to produce a new manicheism for our times. It also echoes the words of George Kennan, written for the Carnegie Endowment that same year:

> What we are up against is the sad fact that developments of those earlier ages, not only those of the Turkish domination but of earlier ones as well, had the effect of thrusting into the southeastern reaches of the European continent a salient of non-European civilization which has continued to the present day to preserve many of its non-European characteristics.

Of course, there is nothing surprising about Kadare's position. As the historian Maria Todorova points out in her excellent book *Imagining the Balkans* (a kind of Orientalism for southeastern Europe), the people of the peninsula have struggled for centuries to shrug off the negative connotations of their collective label and win favor in the endless game the great powers have played with their lives. Inevitably, they have pushed one another down in the process: Me, me, choose me, I am the most like you! Inevitably, too, they have made use of the political clichés of their day: At the beginning of the last century the Albanian nationalist Christo Dako was promoting his countrymen as "not only an Aryan people, but European in their national instincts." The masters of this art were probably the Greeks, who found in northern classical romanticism a powerful but double-edged weapon for their independence struggle.

But Kadare, of all writers, was uniquely well placed to express in fiction the contradictions facing his people in the post–cold war world. Instead he has chosen to continue the old game, throwing in his lot with those who see the Balkans as a caldron of atavistic hatreds while claiming favored status for his own tribe. In the long run, this does the Albanians no favors. Barbarism, like civilization, is a quality that belongs not to nations but to individuals and political movements. Nor does it do the Kosovars any good, as they try to rebuild their country with pitiful assistance from the West, to be compared to figures from a Greek tragedy, as they are in Kadare's recently published Kosovo journal, *Il a fallu ce deuil pour se retrouver* (roughly, "It took this grief to bring us back together"). Myth can be an antidote to politics, but it is never helpful to reduce political events to myth. In his novel *The Palace of Dreams*, set in an imaginary nineteenth-century Istanbul, Kadare tells the story of Mark-Alem, a young civil servant of Albanian origin whose job is to sift the dreams of the empire's citizens for news of secret plots. His rise through the bureaucracy is meteoric, but to his great dismay a dream that has passed through his hands brings down his illustrious family and causes the death of his beloved uncle. Kadare in Paris has more in common than one might think with his character Mark-Alem, for his work is now caught up in a system of political meanings far beyond his control. The liberal discourse of freedom and human rights has its own systems of dissimulation, its own hidden agendas. A pity that a novelist of Kadare's genius has not come forward to lay them bare. ■

How We Made the Balkans

DUSKO DODER

THE BALKANS: Nationalism, War and the Great Powers, 1804–1999.
By Misha Glenny. Viking. 726 pp. $34.95.

When the Pulitzer prizes were announced in April, surprisingly none of the hundreds of journalists covering the war in the Balkans last year were among the winners. This is quite a statement, given the fact that the air war against Serbia consumed more newsprint than any other event in 1999. A photojournalist team of three was honored for Kosovo coverage, but I honestly doubt that one manipulable digital picture may be worth thousands of words when it comes to complicated ethnic conflicts.

The Kosovo war may have produced a richer crop of misinformation and outright lies than anything since Vietnam, but what probably guided the Pulitzer jury was a general sense of unease about the moral ambiguity of the whole business. By bombing Serbian cities, the United States initially seemed to be committing evil to achieve a higher good. In Tony Blair's Orwellian image, this was "bombardment with compassion" and a selfless moral act driven by a commitment to humanitarian values. The problem arose after the war's end, when the newly liberated Albanian Kosovars began murdering the defeated Serbs under the noses of US and other NATO peacekeepers. Was this the higher good? If the greatest military machine in history is unable to impose law and order in a small province, what does the future hold for the larger international protectorate of Bosnia?

Other questions followed. Can one have a purely humanitarian foreign policy? Does the United States have the power to do good around the world, and more specifically, who in Washington or London can say with certitude what good is? Why Kosovo and not Rwanda?

None of these questions were properly addressed during a wartime public relations campaign that spewed commingled facts, fact-based fiction and semi-nonfiction over the twenty-four-hour infotainment channels. By the time the Clinton Administration was celebrating a moral victory, the country was sick and tired of the Balkans. A tabloid headline, "Serbs Them Right," summed up the popular attitude to the bombardment of Serbia. So it was easy for the Administration to move on, but not before disclaiming any responsibility for the consequences of its half-baked, ill-conceived intervention in the "places of which no one ever heard before this war," to use Bismarck's description of the Balkans more than a century ago. After all, the Balkans were Europe's powder keg, or a toxin threatening the health of Europe. Aren't Balkan tribes prone to savagery and irrational hatreds so powerful and long-standing that they have lodged themselves in the genetic makeup of the region's inhabitants, who are, consequently, the sole source of their own misfortunes? Even the pseudoliberals, with their subtler methods of distortion, have found explanations in the rather dubious notion that the Albanian revenge killings are less reprehensible than Serbia's murderous oppression that preceded them; here, we were told, there is no moral equivalence.

Finally and mercifully, we can always blame Slobodan Milosevic, indicted by the international war crimes tribunal in The Hague and one of the originators of the Yugoslav wars.

Misha Glenny, a British journalist who covered the disintegration of Yugoslavia

Dusko Doder's most recent book, written with Louise Branson, is Milosevic: Portrait of a Tyrant *(Free Press).*

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for the BBC, is regarded as one of the most astute observers of the Balkan scene. His dispatches during the Balkan wars were crisp and penetrating, a notch above the average level of reporting from the region. Apart from his intellectual gifts, he possessed clear advantages over most other foreign correspondents: He spoke the local languages and had access to Yugoslav society (he was married to a Serb at the time). His 1993 book, *The Fall of Yugoslavia*, received critical acclaim, and his analytical articles appeared on the editorial pages of major US and British newspapers.

Glenny's *The Balkans*, however, is a book different in kind from nearly all that have appeared on either side of the Atlantic, including his first book. As soon as one opens it one is aware that here is a grown-up man who possesses a kind of intellectual decency that is rarer than cleverness. He is not a historian, nor does he pretend to be one. But he has thought deeply about the subject matter, and he decided to write this book "prompted by the realization that I was, along with many other observers of the wars in Yugoslavia during the 1990s, obliged to make judgments about Yugoslav and Balkan history when I had only the vaguest acquaintance with the subject."

The result is an imaginative and at times provocative chronicle of nationalism, wars and the role of great powers in modern Balkan history from 1804 to 1999. *The Balkans* focuses on key processes and underlying causes—in Serbia, Greece, Bulgaria, Romania, Croatia, Bosnia, Albania, Macedonia, Turkey, Montenegro—and puts together a synthetic study of events that have shaped the region and our perception of it. The canvas is vast, populated by colorful leaders ranging from the "Red Sultan," Abdulhamid II, and Eleutherios Venizelos to King Zog and Marshal Tito. It is a relatively easy and interesting read. Minor factual errors and occasional lack of deeper understanding of various Balkan peoples—the nature of Albanian society and the role of *besa* (word of honor) in their moral system—do not impinge on the logic and cogency of his arguments. But such few errors, including the fact that Glenny relied only on secondary sources, will be eagerly seized on by critics as evidence of the book's grave flaws. And critics are bound to be numerous, because Glenny's approach is new and his interpretations are original.

Unlike vast quantities of books on the Balkans, Glenny's audacious theme is that a good deal of the mess there has been generated by interventions of the great powers—or the "international community," as we say nowadays. The Balkans, he writes, were "not the powderkeg, as is so often believed; the metaphor is inaccurate. They were merely the powder trail that the great powers themselves had laid."

Before the 1990s, there had been three major great-power interventions in the Balkans in the past two centuries. The first was at the 1878 Congress of Berlin, where the cutting and pasting of territories by imperial cartographers—whose only immutable principle was the advancement of great-power interests—created lasting wounds. The second began with Austria-Hungary's assault on Serbia in the summer of 1914 and ended with the great population exchange between Greece and Turkey in 1923. The third began with unprovoked attacks by Italy and Germany on the Balkans in World War II and ended with the installment of Communist governments in all countries of the region except Greece. These three interventions were so destructive, Glenny argues, that they guaranteed the Balkans' relative economic backwardness.

The violence that these interventions encouraged—often in-

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flicted by one Balkan people on another—insured the continuation of profound civil and nationalist strife. In the West, however, these events are rarely regarded as the result of external intervention. On the contrary, the Balkan countries are seen as culprits who force the reluctant outside powers into their unfathomable conflicts. This imagined Balkans—a world where people are motivated not by rational consideration but by a mysterious congenital bloodthirstiness—is always invoked when the great powers seek to deny their responsibility for the economic and political difficulties that the region has suffered as a consequence of external interference.

It is against this background that Glenny invites us to judge the NATO attack on Serbia and its aftermath. Should the West fail to address the effects of the air war and the preceding decades of miscalculation and indifference, then there is little to distinguish NATO's intervention from those of its great-power predecessors. Who can claim a moral or political victory if the sole achievement is the expulsion of Milosevic's Serbia from Kosovo?

Glenny's 200-year history of the Balkans begins with the 1804 Serbian uprising against the Ottoman Turks and centers on the Serbs, who, alone among the Balkan nations, fought their own way to statehood. The Greeks rebelled in 1821 and eventually succeeded, with military help from Britain, France and Russia. Foreign powers played a crucial role in the later emergence of Romania and Bulgaria.

The start of the Balkan tragedy lies in the fact that the newly independent countries were peasant societies poorly equipped to assimilate the ideas of the Enlightenment and were located at the intersection of competing empires. To compensate for their political and economic feebleness, national elites sought support for their aspirations from the great powers. In return, the great powers expected services from their clients.

The Balkan armies were funded by Western loans, Western firms supplied them with weapons and other technology, and their officers were schooled and organized by Frenchmen, Germans, Russians and Britons. The compulsion of the new states to grab territory, with scant regard for the facts of demography or history, reflected the practice of their great-power neighbors, whose arbitrary decisions at the Congress of Berlin insured that there was plenty of territory to dispute.

Balkan militarism and nationalism are closely related to the practices and morality of the great powers. Bismarck, the host of the Berlin Congress, believed in the rule of naked force: If a country could not field and sustain a large army, its opinion was of no value. The congress was convened by the great powers—Britain, Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary and France—to solve the Balkan crisis, known at the time as the Great Eastern crisis, which arose from the Ottoman Empire's weakening hold over its territories in southeastern Europe. The real mission of the Berlin Congress was to check Russia's expansion to the Aegean.

The crisis, caused by Serb uprisings in Bosnia and Herzegovina against the Ottomans that began in the 1840s, escalated over the years, with Serbia and Montenegro supporting the insurgents. Russia first came down on the side of the Serbs, but this ended in military failure. A rebellion in Bulgaria against the Ottomans saw the Russian Army marching into the Balkans, this time successfully defeating the Turks. In December of 1877 Russian troops halted on the Aegean Sea about twenty miles west of Istanbul, set-

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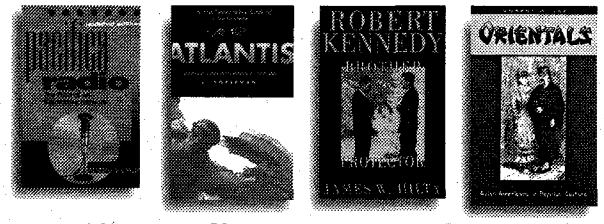

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ting up a liberated Bulgaria as a large client state, which was formally accepted by Turkey in the Treaty of San Stefano.

Russia was now in a position to dominate the Balkans and have access to the Black Sea, which was unacceptable to both Britain and Austria-Hungary. Two months later, in February 1878, British Navy vessels reached the Dardanelles, and European war seemed a real possibility. Bismarck offered Germany's services of mediation to avert it. The great powers had secretly taken the most important decisions in advance: Russia, forced to accept a diplomatic setback, was given a part of Romania (southern Bessarabia) to compensate for its loss of access to the Aegean. The Habsburgs were given Bosnia and Herzegovina. Britain got Cyprus. France occupied Tunisia.

More significant over the long term, the great powers simply ignored all interests and demands of the Balkan states themselves and, as Glenny puts it, "exacerbated the problems wherever conceivable by willfully ignoring the local demographic balance." Serbia was singled out for the shabbiest treatment: Bismarck explicitly excluded the Serbian foreign minister from access to the congress, while the Persians, scarcely central players in the crisis, were allowed to address the gathering. Serbia and its sister state, Montenegro, were forced to accept humiliating trade and foreign policy restrictions.

The intersection of Russian and Austro-Hungarian interests was such that even relatively obscure issues between Balkan states could escalate into a much larger conflict. This became clear when Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908; the Russians now began encouraging Balkan states to enter into alliances that would check further Austrian encroachments, particularly its unhealthy interest in Macedonia and the Albanian coast. In addition, Serbia, Greece and Bulgaria mounted a joint effort aimed at grabbing territory from Turkey in Albania, Macedonia, Thrace, Crete and the Aegean Islands. Two Balkans wars—in 1912 and 1913—virtually pushed Turkey out of Europe.

One of the most interesting parts of Glenny's book is its earlier chapters, in which he analyzes the impact of the Balkan crisis on Western politics. The Turkish massacres in Bosnia and Bulgaria in the 1870s were the moment when public opinion assumed "a key role in the formulation" of British policy. This, in turn, had a greater impact on British politics than on the fate of suffering Balkan Christians. (Gladstone defeated Disraeli for the prime ministership in 1880 after blaming him for being too soft on the Turks in the Balkans.)

Each great power, Glenny argues, "was swayed in one way or another by public reaction to newspaper reports." Politicians, who possessed accurate information, were in a position to shape public relations. This new dimension to public affairs represents the first stage of the modern art of spin. In Russia, the intellectuals (Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy and Tchaikovsky among them) demanded a humanitarian intervention to alleviate the plight of their Slav cousins. The Russian establishment, however, was more concerned about future territorial allocations of the Ottoman lands. Count Ignatiev, one of the Czar's top diplomats, wrote that Russia must fight Austria-Hungary for primacy in the Balkans. "To be satisfied with merely humanitarian success," he said, "would be foolish and reprehensible."

The surest way of stirring up public opinion was through the European newspapers. There is no doubt that Christians suffered

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in the Ottoman Empire and that the Turks were responsible for terrible crimes. The Serbs in Bosnia, on the other hand, were waging a sustained guerrilla campaign. On hearing that Serbs and Bulgarian insurgents were massacring Muslim civilians, the Turks moved quickly to exact revenge. In one particularly gruesome incident in Bulgaria, the press trumpeted the charge of horrible Turkish atrocities, claiming that untold thousands—some claimed up to 100,000—of defenseless Christians were slaughtered by fanatical Muslims. Stanford Shaw, a US historian of the Ottomans, insists that no more than 4,000 Bulgarian Christians were killed in that incident and that considerably more Muslims died. This led to the instrumentalization of massacres as a tool to polarize external perception of the Balkans; they played a decisive role in shaping public opinion in the West.

The reporting of the Bulgarian April Uprising of 1876 also set another pattern in Western attitudes toward the Balkans that persists to this day, Glenny writes. "Little sympathy is expressed for the victims of conflict if they belong to the national community which is considered the original aggressor."

One month after the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, the Austrians began the Great War by attacking Belgrade. The Habsburgs intended to eliminate Serbia, considering it a destabilizing influence on the Slavs in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The Germans were keen to see Serbia subdued for strategic reasons: Berlin's push into the Middle East required the control of land and rail routes to Istanbul and Baghdad that passed through the length of Serbia. Within weeks the rest of Europe was engulfed in the conflict, which resulted in unprecedented casualties.

The Great War was marked by extraordinary violence in the Balkans. After the Serbian Army repulsed the Austrian invasion and sent the Austrians fleeing across the Danube and Sava rivers, compelling evidence of atrocities in a number of cities and towns initially seized by the invaders was discovered: hundreds of Serbs summarily executed, women and children raped and then shot. The Turks unleashed pogroms against the Armenians. Other minorities attracted the full force of the majority's wrath throughout the Balkans; the relatively high incidence of such persecutions and massacres, according to Glenny, was "the legacy of the Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman empires...which left a complex demographic patchwork within which 'ethnic' violence became lethal." Large-scale violence occurred between Serbs and Albanians, Greeks and Turks, Bulgarians and Serbs, and so on. Murder and expulsion became "the two most overused instruments in dealing with nationality questions in the Balkans." Glenny continues:

> All Balkan massacres this century have enjoyed the specific approval of state organs, whose agents have usually been the instigators as well. This is not merely a case of an army commander winking to his troops surrounding defenseless women. In Turkey during the Great War, in Croatia during the Second World War, and in the Republika Srpska during the Bosnian war of 1992–95, the legal system was turned on its head—murder was encouraged and approved by the state and its propaganda apparatus.

After President Woodrow Wilson committed America to the Allies' cause in 1917, he outlined his Fourteen Points and a month later added Four Principles of his approach to peace. But

Cultural Perceptions

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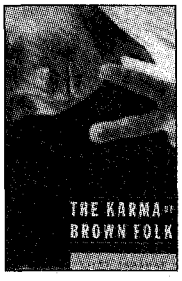

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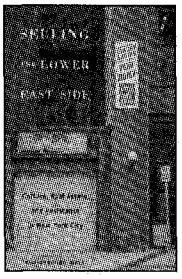

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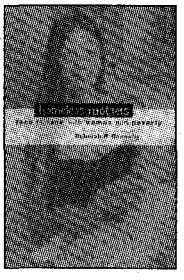

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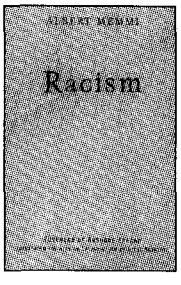

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the President was better at pointing out what was desirable than at arranging how to achieve it. While he talked a good deal about the principle of self-determination, the final versions of the eleventh of his Fourteen Points clearly favored the claims of Romania, Serbia and Montenegro, which had fought on the Allied side. It specified, among other things, that "Serbia be accorded free and secured access to the sea," which meant Serbia's territorial expansion to Bosnia and parts of Dalmatia. The claims of three Balkan states that had joined the winning side, Glenny notes, "clearly took precedence over principles of ethnically defined self-determination."

Glenny's audacious theme is that the Balkans are not a freestanding powder keg but a 'powder trail' laid by the great powers themselves.

In contrast to the Congress of Berlin, Wilson's vision provided a voice and hitherto unimaginable legitimacy to the claims of small nations. But the President had to deal with a Republican-controlled Senate, and the Republicans were determined to block the centerpiece of his effort, the League of Nations, which was supposed to support his entire project for a better and more peaceful world. A troublesome conflict surfaced between the aims of what was known as the "old diplomacy" of Europe's imperial powers and Wilson's "new diplomacy." The former conjured up the image of imperialist pressures, secret treaties and skulduggery; the latter presented itself as principled and open.

When the Versailles peace conference was convened, the vanquished powers were not invited. They would be summoned only once the various pacts affecting them directly had been drawn up. "Somewhere on the hazardous road from the Congress of Berlin, the precious right of defeated parties to negotiate a peace settlement had been lost," Glenny writes. "They were given no right either to offer factual advice or to contest the final provisions of the Peace," which insured its long-term failure in Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria. Russia, too, did not attend the conference, because it had a Communist government.

The Balkans presented the peace conference with a complex mess of ethnic, territorial and constitutional issues that demanded more time and effort than any other question. The region also involved territorial claims in the wake of the collapse of two empires—the Habsburg and the Ottoman. A new player, Italy, openly stated predatory territorial demands on Yugoslavia and Albania. As soon as the armistice with Austria-Hungary was signed, Italian troops poured into Istria, Dalmatia and the Dalmatian islands, demanding more territory and emboldened by the forces of extreme Italian nationalism. Dreaming of a new Roman Empire, Italy landed troops on the coast of Turkey. So did the Greeks, encouraged by Britain. Romania, ignoring the appeals of the great powers, invaded Hungary, which was temporarily under Communist control.

With the peace settlement finally adopted, the Balkans entered a period of reconstruction, but territorial and ethnic disputes remained unsettled. Between 34 and 50 percent of national budgets were spent on the military throughout the Balkans, except in Bulgaria, which was permitted by the treaty only a token defense force. With such military expenditures, new parliamentary democracies had very little chance of success, lacking as they did approximate economic equality and an educational system to promote tolerance.

The strains within multi-ethnic Yugoslavia (ruled by the Serbian king) were visible from the beginning. Apart from internal instability, Yugoslavia was the subject of territorial designs on the part of all its neighbors except Greece. Mussolini's Italy actively supported Croatian secessionists. The outbreak of World War II produced a new wave of ethnic retribution and massacres in Yugoslavia, directed mainly against Serbs, Jews and Gypsies. The orgy of killing was carried out by Serbia's neighbors—Hungarians, Bulgarians, Croats and Albanians—as well as by the Germans and Italians. In almost every part of the former Yugoslavia, governance was replaced by state terror on a horrifying scale. Those who found themselves under Italian rule were the least unfortunate.

The new Croatian state, run by a gang of fascist thugs brought to power by German guns and Italian politicians, announced its plans to "solve" the Serbian question and quickly moved to implement it: One-third of the 2 million Serbs in Croatia were to be expelled, one-third assimilated through conversion to Catholicism and one-third killed. More than half of the 40,000 Jews who lived in Croatia were slaughtered; others were sent to labor camps. Some 1,500 Jewish girls and women were held at the Loborgrad camp, where they were routinely raped.

In Serbia, which was under direct German rule, tens of thousands of Serbs were murdered due to Hitler's notorious order that 100 Serbs be killed for the death of a single German and fifty if a German was wounded by resistance fighters. In one town, where the Germans suffered ten dead and twenty-six wounded, the Wehrmacht could fill the required quota only by going to the local high school and executing students together with their teachers. Glenny also offers compelling evidence that the Wehrmacht planned and carried out the murder of more than 20,000 Serbian Jews and Gypsies without any prompting, an action that gives "the lie to Wehrmacht claims that it took no part in the genocidal programs of the Nazis." The Germans were assisted by several thousand ethnic Germans in Belgrade as well as by members of the small Serbian fascist movement.

After gunning down more than 10,000 Jewish men, the German Army refused to execute women and children, on the grounds that it was dishonorable; instead, they were gassed to death inside a special "delousing truck." Of the 8,000 women and children held in a camp at Sajmiste, only six remained alive; all six were foreign citizens married to Serbian Jews.

This helps explain why, uniquely in fascist Europe, Serbs were the first to mount organized resistance, either by joining the royalist Chetniks or the Communist Partisans, and were joined by relatively large numbers of Yugoslav Jews. It also explains why Marshal Tito and his Communists were able to seize power in Belgrade in 1944 without Communist Russia's assistance.

Glenny's otherwise excellent book seems to run out of steam in the last chapter, which shows signs of haste. In dealing with the most recent events he is less satisfactory, in contrast to his firm grasp of historical facts in the preceding chapters. For all his insights, Glenny does not provide a clear view as to what would have been an intelligent and constructive Western response to the outbreak of wars in the former Yugoslavia. The West did not cause them; and while subsequent Western involvements did indeed frequently make matters worse, that was more the result of diplomatic ineptitude and domestic political considerations than ulterior imperial designs in Washington, London and Paris.

We are now stuck in the Balkan morass without an exit strategy or a credible political program. The only constructive way out lies in sustained economic and political reconstruction of the entire region. One can make a strong case for political and eco-

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OPEN FORUM

How We Judge a Fallen Hero

By Ethan Nadelmann

DARRYL STRAWBERRY seems to have a hard time just saying no to cocaine.

For the third time in 10 years, Strawberry has entered a treatment center to deal with his addiction to the drug, and he has been suspended from baseball for a year for failing his drug test.

My first thought on hearing this news was: What's the matter with him? Can't he just say no, if only for the few more years that his knees hold out? He sure must like cocaine a lot.

My second thought was: Gee, Strawberry sure is lucky he's rich and famous, and that all sorts of people like George Steinbrenner care about him, because if he were poor and not famous, odds are that he'd be sitting behind bars right now, probably for violating probation or parole with a dirty urine sample. This country is full of people whose only offense is an inability to say no to cocaine. Some go to fancy rehabs, some sort it out at home, and the unlucky ones get to think it over in jail or prison.

My third thought was: Strawberry's addicted. He's got a disease, or a disability. This is not a case of moral weakness but of metabolic dysfunction. We don't punish folks for their diseases, or disabilities. If anything, we try to make accommodations for their disabilities so long as they don't pose direct threats to others. If we really believe that drug addiction is a disease, then there is no ethical or medical justification for depriving him of his livelihood for manifesting a symptom of the disease. Moreover, why in this case do we always blame the patient? Maybe the fault lies with the treatment provider.

My fourth thought was: Damn hypocrites! Strawberry can't seem to say no to cocaine, but who isn't addicted to one thing or another? Think about cigarettes. How many people have quit, and quit again, and again, and again? Some really do quit, but they still cheat every once in a while. Can't relate to cigarettes? Think about coffee. Imagine abstaining from that wonderful drug day after day after day, even on those mornings when nothing in the world would seem more pleasurable than a delicious hot cup of coffee. Can't relate to that one? Then think about

dieting, and about saying no to bread day after day after day. Who doesn't cheat? Who isn't addicted to something? Sure, cocaine is different. But what's most different about cocaine is not the nature of the experience, or the behavior associated with it, but the fact that it is illegal and the others aren't.

My fifth thought was: What exactly is the point of the punishment? Almost everything we've learned about drug use and addiction is that a good job and a supportive environment are crucial in enabling people to say no to drugs, or at least to keep their drug use under control. Strawberry's job as a major league ballplayer, responsible to his fans, teammates and employer, provided powerful incentives for him to keep his cocaine use under control. He may have slipped up in the off season, but no one doubts this man's courage and fortitude. So what is the point of suspending him from baseball? Is the punishment supposed to be a form of treatment? Or the treatment a form of punishment? Or can we no longer tell the difference?

My sixth thought was: Why don't they leave the guy alone? No one's suggested that Darryl's cocaine use gave him an unfair advantage over his competitors. And no one's claimed his drug use posed a threat to others on the ballfield. Indeed, no one's even charged he was impaired at the workplace. Seems to me Darryl's cocaine use was none of anyone else's business -- apart from the laws and policies and contracts that make this private behavior supposedly everyone's business.

My seventh thought was: Perhaps professional baseball, and all professional sports, would be better off without any drug testing — except perhaps for performance enhancing substances. What's the point? Few employees work in more public workplaces. If they are impaired, people will notice, and managers will deal with it, quickly. If they're not impaired, and don't pose a threat to others, who cares if they're using one drug or another.

"But they're role models for young people," some say. If that's true, then why does the system insist on broadcasting their vices and frailties? It's hard enough living the life of a hero, constantly in the public eye, without having your urine tested and your results announced to the world. If we're running short on heros these days, maybe it's because we no longer respect their privacy, and their humanity, enough to let them be heros.

I'll tell you when Darryl Strawberry became my hero. I'm a Yankee fan, not a Mets fan, so it wasn't until quite recently: Oct. 17, 1999, to be exact, Game 4 of the American League Championship Series, at Boston's Fenway Park. According to The New York Times' Buster Olney: "When Strawberry came to bat for the first time, the Fenway Park fans offered a new and different chorus for the slugger with the history of drugs and alcohol — 'Just Say No.' Boston's Bret Saberhagen threw a high fastball and Strawberry rattled a high drive two-thirds of the way up the right field foul pole for a home run. It was the last time the hearty singers serenaded Strawberry on this evening."

It reminded me of another hero of mine who wasn't good at just saying no, Babe Ruth. He, too, broke the prohibition laws of the day with alacrity --but no one ever thought to test his urine. Good thing for him. Good thing for us.

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nomic restitution; in the long run this would serve the interests of Europe and the United States. Failure to engage the region actively will insure more civil strife, more nationalist vengeance, less stability and decades of Western military presence to keep the peace. At least, in dealing with the realities and hypocrisies of past international events, Glenny swings the pendulum in the right direction. Few people writing on the Balkans during the past decade have been able to resist the fashionable spin of the moment; Glenny did. This makes *The Balkans* very well worth reading. ■

Brands 'R' Us?

JANE SLAUGHTER

THE AGE OF ACCESS: The New Culture of Hypercapitalism, Where All of Life Is a Paid-for Experience. By Jeremy Rifkin. Jeremy P. Tarcher/Putnam. 312 pp. $24.95.

NO LOGO: Taking Aim at the Brand Bullies. By Naomi Klein. Picador. 490 pp. $28.

Jeremy Rifkin wants to rock the world of the jaded reader: He predicts that we're entering a completely new—the final—stage of capitalism. This new era Rifkin variously calls "cultural capitalism," "hypercapitalism" and the Age of Access. We've reached a "defining moment in history" that "already is challenging many of our most basic assumptions about what constitutes human society," as "a new human archetype is being born."

The reader might be excused for wondering if this year's fundamentally new era is fundamentally different from the "great historic transformation" Rifkin warned us about in his equally wrongheaded 1995 book, *The End of Work*. In that book we were alerted to a "momentous change taking place—change so vast in scale that we are barely able to fathom its ultimate impact," one that "could spell a death sentence for civilization as we have come to know it." Come 2000, and in his all-new apocalyptic vision, Rifkin barely mentions his central thesis of five years earlier.

That could be because Rifkin's earlier forecasts appear to have been a little off-target. Automation was supposed to make manufacturing "near-workerless" by the early decades of this century, and the service sector would follow suit soon after, thus "the end of work." Instead, the trend is in the other direction: The 65 percent of the US population now working is the highest percentage in history. To take just one example—one that any good futurist assumes is an industry on the way out—there are more auto workers in the United States today than there were in 1980. (The number of unionized auto workers is far less, but that's a different story.)

So completely has Rifkin moved on from his earlier preoccupation that the disappearance of jobs plays no role in this year's central proposition. Today the main thing we need to know (besides the fact that "the foundation of modern life is beginning to disintegrate") is that ownership is on the way out. "Owning things, lots of things, is considered outdated and out of place in the more ephemeral, fast-paced economy." Instead, the new organizing principle is "access": access to the web (of course), but also access to "the experience economy," *a k a* "the weightless economy." Consumers today don't want to be tied down by owning a carpet; they just want the experience of having one in their homes.

Property itself, Rifkin tells us, is outmoded; he repeatedly disparages the notion of "mine and thine," the organizing principle of a fading era. His main proof is that leasing is increasing and that some companies give their products away (cell phones, software) when you sign a service contract.

How to argue against ideas like this and the other quarter-baked assertions that make up *The Age of Access*? It's a mishmash of management guru-speak (Tom Peters is cited often), musings on postmodernism and assertions that various well-known constructs are over and done with. The latter include markets, class warfare and the nation-state.

Markets are being replaced by "networks," buyers and sellers transformed into suppliers and users in "win-win" relationships. The right-left dichotomy of the industrial era, with its class warfare among "the upper class, middle class, working class, and poor," is over, subsumed by the struggle between intrinsic value and utility value. The "end of the nation-state" is upon us, evidenced by the fact that the web knows no borders and by government's inability to collect taxes on purchases made on the Net. Guess those corporate types spending millions on Gore, Bush and Congress don't realize they're wasting their money! I almost expected Rifkin to announce "the paperless office," but he admits that's "not yet in sight."

Among his central arguments, Rifkin throws in occasional howlers: Small business is the backbone of capitalism. Property is a social convention for negotiating individual spheres of influence (not class spheres of influence). And "the work environment is steadily being transformed into a play environment." Evidence: Kodak has a "humor room." (Cf. *The End of Work*: "Millions of alienated workers...experiencing rising levels of stress in high-tech work environments.... Millions who experience their own individual deaths, daily, at the hands of profit-driven employers.")

Let's tackle Rifkin's chief and most coherent assertion: "Our long attachment to ownership is beginning to weaken." The author has the grace to note that this is not true for the vast majority of the world's population, who have neither property nor access; 65 percent of people living today, he says, have never made a phone call. While the "affluent fifth of the [world] population is leaving property behind in search of cultural experiences and personal transformation, the remaining four-fifths have meager belongings and still wish to be propertied." It's that top fifth, though, the trendsetters, who count, we're reminded repeatedly.

Rifkin is 180 degrees wrong about his target market. Far from leaving property behind, in the United States the top layer owns a larger share of property of all kinds, both consumer and money-making assets, than at any time since the Great Depression. In 1994 the wealthiest 10 percent of families owned 67 percent of all wealth, up from 62 percent in 1989. (The poorest 10 percent had no wealth at all, but their average debt had increased by half.) When it comes to business assets, the wealthiest 1 percent of households own 57 percent, six times the value in the hands of the bottom 90 percent.

The holders of capital know, as Rifkin pretends not to, that it's ownership of all those shares that makes them who they are and gives them what they want in the world. If not, why are they so busy giving each other stock options? Try telling Bill

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Gates, fighting tooth and nail to hold on to all of Microsoft (one of those playful corporations), that ownership is passé.

In fact, Rifkin's got it topsy-turvy—if ownership is now outmoded, then it's the majority who are way ahead of their time. The vast majority of people have always owned almost nothing: a few consumer goods and, if they're lucky, their house, jointly with the bank. Less than half of US households contain even one person who owns even one share of stock, including pension plans.

If Rifkin had stuck to informing us that franchising is on the rise, that more people are leasing certain consumer items and that businesses now lease a big chunk of their equipment, that would have been interesting. But when he tries to dress these trends up as a grand theory that property is dead, he makes a fool of himself. You would have been better off with "property is theft," Jeremy.

Rifkin makes his apocalyptic pronouncements with a straight face. As if he has learned nothing from the advertisers and experience-mongers he decries, his entire book contains not one bit of humor, not even an acknowledgment that you're reading about "the death of the author" in a non-cyberbook whose author will surely own its royalties. I did laugh out loud, though, at the phrase "the nagging question of who should control the means of production."

One more jab: Rifkin asks, "Who hasn't defended the virtues of property and markets with passionate abandon at one time or another?" Raise your hands.

It's a shame, because some of Rifkin's conclusions are right: that the commercialization of every waking moment is disgusting, that we need both biodiversity and cultural diversity, that play should not be corporatized. Luckily, you don't need to own *The Age of Access* to read an indictment of the corporate attempt to imprint a commercial message on everything you see, hear or own (or lease). Naomi Klein's *No Logo* is a far wittier, more down-to-earth look at what Rifkin calls the commodification of experience and she calls "branding."

I was chilled, reading *No Logo*. I have a 12-year-old who wishes she lived in a Delia's catalogue. In her downtown Detroit school, I'm told, kids get razzed if they mix their brands—you're not supposed to wear Adidas shoes with a Nike sweatshirt. But I never buy anything, my neighborhood is still almost 100 percent logo-free (well, not the gas stations) and I hadn't quite realized how much the rising generation has been subjected to "colonization not of physical space but of mental space."

Klein and Rifkin cover a lot of the same territory: corporate sponsorship of cultural events; "cool hunting" agencies paid to track down trends among black teenagers; marketing inside the schools; franchises crowding out mom-and-pops; outsourcing to sweatshops; buying an experience, not just a thing; shopping as theater; Celebration, Florida, Disney's branded town; Disney as the grandfather of it all; and Bill Gates Bill Gates Bill Gates and Nike Nike Nike. One big difference is that Klein, a 29-year-old red-diaper baby, has been there and rejected that, while over-50 Rifkin, who lectures at the Wharton School, is mostly disapproving but also gulled by management-speak about what they're up to. More important, Klein's main mission is to report on the resistance to the "brand bullies." She stresses that her book is not about predictions—unlike Rifkin's—but it reads like a prophecy of the WTO protests in Seattle.

Klein, who is a master of the razor-sharp soundbite, introduces us to the moguls of marketing, who, she says, decided in the eighties and nineties that companies should be "meaning brokers" rather than

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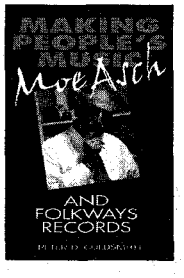

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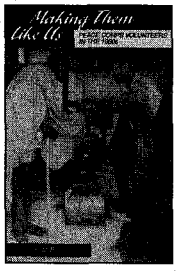

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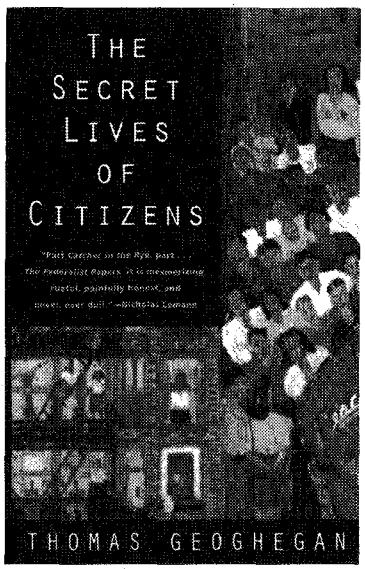

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product producers. Polaroid needed to stop thinking of itself as a camera—it's really a "social lubricant." Levi's problem was that it hadn't promoted any particular lifestyle to go along with its jeans—no denim house paint. Says Starbucks' marketing VP: Coffee is the company's "opportunity for emotional leverage.... A great brand raises the bar—it adds a greater sense of purpose to the experience." The Body Shop, says founder Anita Roddick, is not about bath oil but is the conveyor of her philosophy about women and the environment. The author of a sixth-grade math book riddled her text with references to Oreos and Nike, not because she was paid to do it but because she wanted to speak to kids in their own language—brands.

Then, once the brands have turned you into a "life-sized Tommy doll"—walking billboards—once they've made themselves ubiquitous parts of the landscape and everyone's mental map, they tell you that you can't use their name in vain. They take up all the public space—those building-sized paste-on ads are only the biggest example—and then they remind you that brands are private property. The owners of Barney won't let shops rent out dinosaur costumes, if they're purple. Disney forced a group of New Zealand parents to remove their homemade version of Donald Duck from a playground mural. After making Barbie a cultural icon, Mattel sued the rock band Aqua for its hit song "Barbie Girl." Artists and activists who "jam" ads run afoul of trademark, copyright, libel and "brand disparagement" laws. Island Records and CBS Records sued artists, successfully, for sampling or remixing Casey Kasem and Michael Jackson. The message, says Klein, is that "culture is something that happens to you. You buy it at the Virgin Megastore or Toys 'R' Us.... It is not something in which you participate, or to which you have the right to respond."

Klein's chapters that describe the brand bullies and the resistance to them are the best parts of *No Logo*. Her information on the outsourcing of work to overseas sweatshops (though enlivened by her personal visits to Indonesia and the Philippines) and the casualization of work back home is more-oft-trod territory. Yet the latter is a necessary part of her argument. She shows how "the 'strongest' brands are the ones generating the worst jobs, whether in the export processing zones... or at the mall. The companies that advertise aggressively on MTV...are the very ones that pioneered the McJob sector and led the production exodus to cheap labor enclaves.... After pumping young people up with go-get-'em messages—the 'Just Do It' sneakers...—these companies have responded to job requests with a resounding 'Who, me?'"

Not that long ago, corporations could defuse citizen resistance with job blackmail. Yes, we poison the river, but what would you do without a paycheck? Now that the jobs are gone, no one but the stockholder has an investment in these companies' profitability. Klein believes that anticorporate activism is on the rise precisely because branding has worked so well: "Multinationals like Nike, Microsoft and Starbucks have sought to become the chief communicators of all that is good and cherished in our culture: art, sports, community, connection, equality. But the more successful this project is, the more vulnerable these companies become: When they do wrong, their crimes are not dismissed as merely the misdemeanors of another corporation trying to make a buck.... This is a connection more akin to the relationship of fan and celebrity: emotionally intense but shallow enough to turn on a dime."

So Klein documents "a largely underground system of information, protest and planning" against the brand bullies. We read about culture jamming, "the practice of parodying advertisements and hijacking billboards in order to drastically alter their messages." The idea is that people "should have the right to talk back to images they never asked to see." Joe Camel turns into Joe Chemo. Calvin Klein ads are scrawled with "Feed me." Problem is, the branders fight back, with prejammed ads like Sprite's "Image Is Nothing" campaign and Nike's "I am not a target market, I am an athlete." Nike even asked Ralph Nader to "take a light-hearted jab at us," in a script of their writing, for $25,000. (He said no.) For the angriest of the adbusters, attempts at cooptation just fuel their fires.

Youth culture meets political protest at Global Street Parties, efforts to establish noncommercial space. Sponsors tell you that concerts are "made possible by..." The "Reclaim the Streets" rave-cum-demo asserts that kids can do it themselves. Klein notes that the first was held in thirty cities on May 16, 1998, the day G-8 leaders gathered for a summit. In the United States 1995–96 was the Year of the Sweatshop, the year Kathie Lee cried on TV. As everyone knows, students have been on a tear ever since. Central American garment workers are brought to the United States to speak to their Northern age-mates on cam-

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pus. For thousands and thousands of people, Nike, Disney and Wal-Mart are forever branded with the image of the sweatshop.

Klein is not starry-eyed about the possibilities of brand-based activism. She's not thrilled that we seem to need to reshape issues of injustice so that they can be brought home to us as shoppers, and she warns that campaigns should not degenerate into mere ethical shopping guides.

Like Rifkin, Klein is weakest when she overreaches. Anxious to connect her two themes, branding and sweatshops, she says that corporations began outsourcing because they needed more money for their ad campaigns. Not that simple: Profit rates began slipping in the sixties, long before branding took off, and companies are using all kinds of strategies to recover: speedups, demanding union concessions, automation, unionbusting and tax-dodging as well as full-court-press marketing and contracting out.

And since Klein's subject is youth radicalization, she barely mentions unions (except the need for them in the Third World), which potentially have more power to disrupt corporate plans than even the best spray-can wielder. Arguing the need for both parts of the coalition, Jeff Crosby, president of a General Electric local, reported on Seattle in *Labor Notes*:

> Without the [kids'] Direct Action, which disrupted the WTO, the labor march would have received a two-minute clip on the nightly news, with something like, "A bunch of inefficient union workers from the rustbelt marched for a return of the bad old days. Fortunately the WTO delegates largely ignored these bits of road kill on the way to the new economy. Although they are hopeless Luddites, it is true that something must be done for the losers in the new world economy who are too old and hidebound to run a computer."
>
> Then again, without the thousands of union members, it would have been easier to write off the young protesters as flakes, people who aren't worried about basic issues like having to earn a living.

Many of the readers of this magazine doubtless spent some time as young protesters themselves, in the last great wave of youth activism. We've often looked over our shoulders to see if anyone was coming behind, and for too many years they weren't. Klein helps explain where the new passion is coming from, what it grew up on, how it sees the enemy. Own her book. Ignore its brand name. ■

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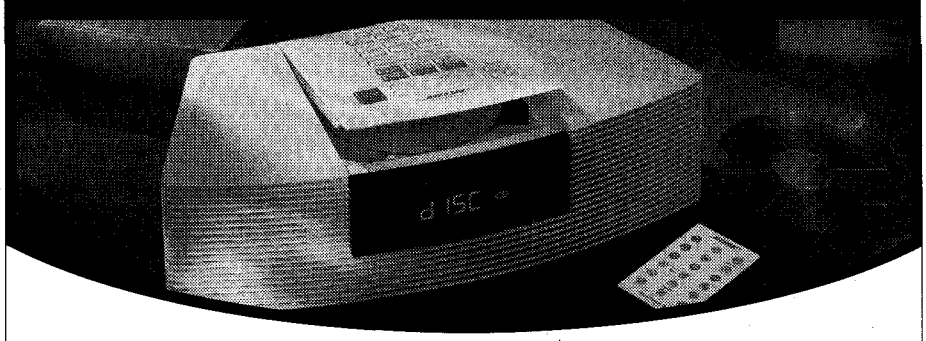

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The Wallace Doctrine

KAI BIRD

AMERICAN DREAMER: A Life of Henry A. Wallace. By John C. Culver and John Hyde. Norton. 608 pp. $35.

Chicago Stadium. Thursday, July 20, 1944. This was the day American liberalism was aborted and, arguably, the day the cold war was conceived. It was a terrible day for the common citizen and a very good day for racists, reactionaries and all those corporate Democrats and conservative Republicans who hoped the New Deal would finally die with the end of the war. It was the day the seeds of McCarthyism were sown. It was the extraordinary day on which Henry A. Wallace was denied another term as Vice President.

Afterward, delegates listened to a short speech by Roosevelt himself, piped in from a Pacific Coast naval base. When the ailing 63-year-old Roosevelt was finished, the 30,000 people packed into Chicago Stadium, as scripted by the party bosses, burst into a sustained demonstration. But then something unexpected occurred. Suddenly, chants of "We Want Wallace!" rocked the stadium.

Surveying the scene, Florida's liberal Senator Claude Pepper concluded, "if a vote could be taken that evening, Wallace could be nominated." So Pepper began pushing his way through the crowd, making his way toward the podium, where he intended to introduce a motion to vote on the vice-presidential slot. Atop the podium, Robert Hannegan, chairman of the Democratic National Committee and a man who owed his position to Senator Harry Truman, stood red-faced and sweaty. He could see his worst nightmare being realized in Pepper's approach to the podium. For fifteen months Hannegan and other party bosses had been quietly lobbying to prevent Wallace's renomination. With Pepper just a step away, Hannegan yelled to the convention chairman, Senator Samuel Jackson, to adjourn the convention. Jackson demurred, "This crowd is too hot; I can't."

But Hannegan yelled, "You're taking orders from me, and I'm taking orders from the President." Jackson then called for a motion to adjourn. When thousands roared "No, no, no, no," Jackson yelled back that the ayes had it, banged his gavel and announced that the session that day was over. The lights dimmed and Chicago police began clearing the aisles.

The day was done, and so was Henry Wallace. That night the party bosses worked the hotel rooms, handing out ambassadorships, postal jobs and even cold cash. The next day Wallace still led the delegate count on the first and second ballots, peaking at 489 votes, just 100 short of the nomination. But by the end of the day a prosaic senator from Missouri, Harry Truman, was named the party's vice-presidential candidate. Wallace was always unimpressed by Truman. "He is a small man of limited background who wants to do the right thing...a small, opportunistic man, a man of good instincts, but therefore probably all the more dangerous. As he moves out in the public eye, he will get caught in the webs of his own making."

Nearly four years later, on May 1, 1948, Senator Glen Taylor, a Democrat of Idaho, attempted to address a meeting of the Southern Negro Youth Conference in Birmingham, Alabama. Taylor had recently agreed to serve as Henry Wallace's running mate on the newly formed Progressive Party's presidential ticket. Prior to Senator Taylor's arrival in town, Birmingham's police chief, Eugene "Bull" Connor, announced, "There's not enough room in town for Bull and the Commies." A defiant Senator Taylor responded, "Safety Commissioner Connor can go to hell." Later, as Senator Taylor headed for an entrance to the hall labeled "Colored," police intervened and warned him that he was required to use the door marked "Whites." When Taylor refused, one of Connor's policemen shoved him against the wall. The Senator resisted and the police promptly knocked him to the ground, tore his suit and smashed his head against the concrete sidewalk. Taken to Birmingham's city jail, Taylor was fingerprinted and later fined for assault and resisting arrest. When he returned to Washington and recounted his experience in a speech on the Senate floor, not one of his fellow senators expressed a word of sympathy. By lending his name to Henry Wallace's quixotic crusade, Taylor had become an overnight political pariah.

By 1948, Henry Wallace was a man as reviled as any in the history of the Republic. Republican Senator Arthur Vandenberg charged Wallace with making "treasonable utterances." Democratic Senator J. William Fulbright suggested that Wallace's speeches sounded like they had been written in the Kremlin. Walter Lippmann hinted at insanity, writing in his nationally syndicated column that Wallace was "a man trying earnestly to deal with a world which is too much for him, and like many another he is cracking under the strain." Privately, President Harry Truman complained about "Henry's wild statements" and compared him to Aaron Burr, an earlier Vice President who had once stood trial for treason.

Who was Henry Wallace? And why is a man so controversial in his own time largely forgotten today? These are among the questions explored in this formidable biography painstakingly crafted by John Culver, a five-term former Congressman and one-term US Senator from Iowa, and his co-author, John Hyde, a former Washington bureau chief for the *Des Moines Register*. *American Dreamer* is a tremendously important book about a decent and honorable man who symbolizes the best of the New Deal—and what might have been had American liberalism not mutated into cold war liberalism.

With the exception of John Morton Blum's edited volume of Wallace's diaries (*The Price of Vision*) and a biography by Graham White and John Maze, historians have generally ignored Wallace. This definitive biography restores him to his proper place in history and serves as an antitoxin to David McCullough's popular but ridiculously sunny biography of Truman.

Henry Wallace was the real-life "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." An utterly uncompromising liberal, he held two Cabinet posts and served as Franklin Roosevelt's Vice President from 1941 to 1945. Had not the Democratic Party bosses persuaded Roosevelt to dump him as Vice President in 1944, Wallace and not the hapless Truman would have become President upon FDR's sudden death in April 1945. Relying on Wallace's own voluminous letters, diaries and a broad range of archival documents, Culver and Hyde re-create a lost life.

Kai Bird, a Nation *contributing editor, is the author of* The Color of Truth: McGeorge Bundy & William Bundy, Brothers in Arms *(Touchstone) and co-editor with Lawrence Lifschultz of* Hiroshima's Shadow: Writings on the Denial of History & the Smithsonian Controversy *(Pamphleteer's). With Martin Sherwin, he is writing a biography of J. Robert Oppenheimer, to be published by Knopf.*

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And what a life! Born in 1888 on a farm in Iowa, Henry Agard Wallace was reared on prairie populism. As a boy he spent hours with George Washington Carver, then a student at Iowa State University. Carver and the young Wallace boy shared a passion for plants—and years later Wallace would realize that he had absorbed from Carver a philosophy he called "practical" mysticism. Like Carver, Wallace believed that all living things possessed something divine.

A shy boy, Wallace grew up to become a strikingly handsome and likable man. After college he married and quickly made a life for himself as a farmer and editor of his family's profitable newsletter, *Wallaces' Farmer*. In 1926 he founded the Hi-Bred Corn Company—later renamed Pioneer Hi-Bred—to market a new high-yield corn seed developed during his years of part-time botanical experimenting. The new company would help jump-start a revolution in American agriculture and make millionaires of Wallace and his heirs. (In the late nineties Du Pont bought the business for $9.4 billion.)

By the time the Depression hit America, Henry Wallace had abandoned his family's agrarian Republican roots and become a Democrat. Though never elected to office, Wallace was chosen in 1933 by Roosevelt to become his Secretary of Agriculture. (His father had held the same Cabinet position under President Warren Harding.) In this job, Wallace devised the only New Deal programs that actually helped common citizens to help themselves. By 1940, he was so popular in the farm belt and elsewhere that Roosevelt decided to elevate him to the Vice Presidency for his third term in the White House.

But by 1944 the war was being won and a battle was raging inside Washington for the soul of postwar liberalism. If he had become President in 1945, Wallace certainly would have taken the country in a very different direction from the conservative national security state sanctioned by Truman. It was Harry who gave us Hiroshima, it was Harry who started the McCarthyite witchhunts, it was Harry who presided over a war with China that he could neither win nor end, and it was Harry who divided Germany and militarized the early cold war.

None of this was inevitable when Harry Truman inherited the presidency in April 1945. Within a year Truman had purged Roosevelt's men from his Cabinet; only Henry Wallace remained from FDR's last Cabinet. And then in September 1946, Truman fired Wallace.

As Culver and Hyde make clear, the issue was the atomic bomb and the cold war. Wallace believed that the atomic bomb had changed everything: "Atomic power means 'one world or no world,'" he wrote Truman in 1945. And that meant Washington had to relinquish its monopoly over atomic weapons, internationalize control of nuclear technology and avoid an arms race with the Soviet Union. Truman's reliance on the bomb, J. Robert Oppenheimer told Wallace in the autumn of 1945, could lead to the "eventual slaughter of tens of millions—or perhaps hundreds of millions—of innocent people." Peace was the priority—not the threat of international Communism.

Wallace's tragedy was that, rejected by the Democratic Party, he ended up leading progressives into marginality.

For this reason Wallace advocated a policy of accommodation with the Soviet Union. He denounced the Truman Doctrine, the federal loyalty boards and the entire anti-Communist thrust of Truman's foreign policy. Instead, Wallace wanted to expand lend-lease into a massive, $50 billion program of war reconstruction. "The world is crying out, not for American guns and tanks to spread more hunger, but for American plows and machines to fulfill the promise of peace."

Naturally, for these views Wallace was labeled an appeaser of Communism—and worse. But the plain fact was that Wallace just didn't fear Communists: "I say those who fear communism lack faith in democracy." As a "progressive capitalist" he believed the American way of life would prevail precisely because it was strong, democratic and economically productive. "The only way to defeat communism in the world is to do a better and smoother job of maximum production and optimum distribution.... Let's out-compete Russia in the most friendly spirit possible, for we must realize that, militarily speaking, there could be no final victor in any armed conflict between our two great nations."

Wallace's sin was to be a premature partisan of détente: the cold war would be won economically by fostering conditions for gradual liberalization in the Soviet sphere. There was really no difference between a sophisticated version of George Kennan's containment policy and Wallace's views. Like Wallace, Kennan thought a military confrontation with the Russians unnecessary and dangerous. But both men would end their careers in internal exile—Kennan in academia and Wallace on his farm.

Wallace should also be given credit for understanding the main battlefield in which the cold war would be fought: the post-colonial developing world. In the spring of 1947—just as Truman was embarking America on its tortuous path to Vietnam by funding the French return to Indochina—Wallace told a BBC radio audience, "A great national awakening has occurred in Asia and in other parts of the world which we used to think of only as colonies. This new nationalism will turn to communism and look to the Soviet Union as their only ally if the United States declares that this is the American century of power politics rather than the Century of the Common Man."

His was the voice of an Old Testament prophet; and like most prophets he convinced few. His rhetoric was astonishingly blunt and uncompromising. And yes, he was terribly naïve about the totalitarian nature of the Soviet state. In 1944 he returned from a trip to Siberia and described the port city of Magadan as a "combination TVA and Hudson's Bay Company." In fact, Magadan was a slave-labor camp filled with political prisoners. When confronted by firsthand accounts from escaped prisoners, Wallace confessed he had been snowed by Soviet officials.

Similarly, his decision to run for President on the Progressive Party ticket was a great mistake precisely because it allowed anti-Communist liberals to isolate and stigmatize progressives and label the anti-anti-Communists as Stalinists. To his credit, Wallace refused to renounce Communist supporters; but this merely underscored what a naïve politician he'd become. Wallace's tragedy was that, rejected by the Democratic Party, he ended up leading progressives into marginality.

Culver and Hyde portray Wallace as a Renaissance man in the mold of Thomas Jefferson: He was a world-famous agronomist, a scientist-statesman, a self-intoxicated mystic and a gentleman farmer. These are oddball qualities for a man who almost became FDR's successor. Wallace was the kind of scientist who "found it difficult to disbelieve anything until it was proven wrong." About other people he could be trusting to a fault. Joseph Alsop thought Wallace "was a man whose judgment could never be trusted when he strayed more than six feet from a manure pile." Roald Dahl, the famous author of children's books who as a British intelligence agent befriended Wallace in Washington during World War II, once wrote of Wallace, "He was a lovely man, but too innocent and idealistic for this world."

Wallace was probably just too decently idiosyncratic for postwar America. And too

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radical. America is basically a pretty conservative country. Wallace himself later reflected that liberal political leaders can only function successfully in the United States "during the brief period following the time when the reactionaries have demonstrated their ineptitude in terms of great unemployment and misery in the midst of plenty. This was the secret of the temporary power of the New Deal." And it explains why an authentic populist like Wallace almost made it to the White House.

Culver and Hyde wasted not one of the twelve years it took them to write this book. They obviously like their man—who wouldn't? But they give us Wallace with all his splendid warts. No one should be able to read this measured biography without feeling a profound measure of regret that so decent a public servant was cast aside by the Democratic Party. Compared with the opportunistic liberals who followed him to high office, Henry Agard Wallace was a marvelous mensch. ■

Klemperer's List

JULIA M. KLEIN

I WILL BEAR WITNESS: A Diary of the Nazi Years, 1942–1945. By Victor Klemperer. Translated by Martin Chalmers. Random House. 556 pp. $29.95.

When we last encountered Victor Klemperer, he was a patriotic German, an agnostic Protestant from a prominent Jewish family and a proselyte of the Enlightenment whose identity was under increasing assault by the Nazi regime. To the Nazis, Klemperer, his annual Christmas tree and "Aryan" wife notwithstanding, was simply a Jew, and thus a target for persecution.

In the first of Klemperer's astonishing diaries to be translated into English, *I Will Bear Witness: A Diary of the Nazi Years, 1933–1941*, he endures a dizzying descent from a comfortable post as a professor of Romance languages at the Technical University of Dresden to joblessness, statelessness and near-homelessness. All the while he clings desperately to his work—an elusive treatise on eighteenth-century French writers that he hopes will be his *magnum opus*—and to a conviction that he represents the true spirit of Germany.

Holocaust memoirs of all sorts have proliferated in recent years. Contemporaneous accounts are rarer. Along with individual diaries such as Anne Frank's, many of the Jewish ghettos of Eastern Europe left behind records of daily life under Nazi tyranny. From Warsaw alone, Judenrat leader Adam Czerniakow, historian Emanuel Ringelblum and Chaim Kaplan all produced notable journals. By contrast, very few Jews were in a position to describe life in Germany itself through the end of the war. Klemperer's minutely detailed dissection of his travails in Dresden—first published in Germany thirty-five years after his death in 1960—is therefore an extraordinary, perhaps unique historical resource.

By the time of this second, even more compelling diary, covering the years 1942 to 1945, the aging academic and former literary journalist has had to abandon both his treatise and an autobiography-in-progress. And as he carefully chronicles the linguistic excrescences of the Third Reich, he wavers in his certainty that the German spirit is fundamentally a noble one. "All Germany is a meat factory and butcher shop," he notes at one point, with growing despair.

Still, Klemperer continues to embrace with ferocity and eloquence his simultaneously life-affirming and life-threatening diaries. In May 1942, in the lines that provide their title, he declares: "I shall go on writing. That is *my* heroism. I will bear witness, precise witness!" It is true, as others have remarked, that Klemperer is self-obsessed and hard on his friends (just as Anne Frank was unkind to her mother), and in the first volume his chronic complaints are at times grating. But by the end of this testament he is more hero than antihero—a man whose undeniable cantankerousness and small deceits are more than balanced by staunch fidelity to his wife, Eva, and to his own Enlightenment ideals.

A more nuanced and heroic picture of Eva emerges from volume two as well. After the 1935 passage of the Nuremberg laws, "Aryan" husbands and wives in "mixed marriages" were under increasing pressure to divest themselves of their Jewish spouses; divorce was both easy and advantageous. For the abandoned Jewish spouse, however, divorce was equivalent to a death sentence.

If Eva is ever tempted to leave Victor, he certainly never suspects it (if only she, too, had kept a diary!). A virtual (and perhaps hypochondriacal) invalid in the first diary, she rises magnificently to increasingly desperate challenges, from foraging the city for food to walking dozens of miles across the war-ravaged landscape of Germany. In all this, she is spiritual kin to the women of Berlin's Rosenstrasse protest, who in 1943 successfully demonstrated for the release of their Jewish husbands in a rare (and unpunished) act of collective civil disobedience.

Set against the backdrop of European and Jewish catastrophe, Klemperer's tale is an intensely personal (if not singular) tragedy of dispossession—not just of material objects but of his own sense of belonging to a just, rational society. As the Nazis tighten their stranglehold on Germany and lead its people toward military and moral disaster, Klemperer wrestles with the very same questions that today dominate the historiographical debate about this era:

Did the Nazis rule primarily by popular consensus or by terror? How strong was their support among "ordinary Germans"? To what extent was anti-Semitism diffused among the German population? What did "Aryans" know about the persecution and murder of the Jews, and when did they know it? And when, finally, did disillusionment with the regime take hold?

These issues matter to Klemperer in a way that transcends the question of his physical survival. Once he is made to wear the Jewish star, branding him as an outsider, every sympathetic gesture that suggests he still belongs to a community of non-Nazi Germans is balm for his wounded soul. "*I* am German," he still insists in May 1942, "and am waiting for the Germans to come back; they have gone to ground somewhere."

As the war drags on, gauging the popular mood in all its fickleness becomes an obsession for Klemperer. One day, he is greeted on the street by a courageous stranger; the next he is mocked and baited: A "well-dressed, intelligent-looking boy of perhaps eleven or twelve years of age" shouts, "Kill him!—Old Jew, old Jew!" In April 1944, Klemperer tells a friend: "It's not the big things that are important to me, but the everyday life of tyranny, which

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gets forgotten. A thousand mosquito bites are worse than a blow to the head. I observe, note down the mosquito bites."

In the first diary, the persecutory mosquito bites are compounded by his own and Eva's ill health and fiscal worries, as Klemperer's small pension is decimated by various taxes and fees aimed at impoverishing Germany's shrinking population of Jews. One by one, the Klemperers watch their friends and relatives flee, while they stay put, fearful of losing the little house they have built in the village of Dölzschen, outside Dresden.

Meanwhile, they lose everything else. They are obliged to sell their beloved, if perennially broken-down, car—almost a character in itself—to a junkyard. A series of petty edicts ban Jews from public parks and cinemas, restrict their shopping hours, make both public transportation and taxis off-limits. Klemperer is stripped of his library privileges, then his typewriter. *Kristallnacht*, in November 1938, persuades him that Germany is hopeless and that it's time to leave—but by then it is too late for him, as for many others. The doors to the madhouse have slammed shut.

In the spring of 1940 the Klemperers are made to rent out their house to a shopkeeper whose covetousness outweighs his good will. They are ordered to move into a "Jews' House" in Dresden proper—the first of three they are to occupy before their ordeal ends. This is where we find the unhappy couple as the second volume of the diary resumes their story on January 1, 1942.

Ironies abound. By now, with so many Jews clustered together, isolation is no longer a problem: There is both community and claustrophobia in their crowded new abode. Money woes subside as the overall situation of Jews worsens. "There is no point in thinking further than the next minute and the next potato," Klemperer writes. Imprisonment for a minor blackout infraction (in volume one), forced labor, acute hunger—Klemperer will suffer all of these. It is only because of his marriage to Eva, which prevents his deportation with the rest of Dresden's Jews, and then the destruction of the city itself by an Allied air raid, that is he able to avoid Theresienstadt or Auschwitz.

That he does escape, like Ishmael, to tell his tale we know from the start. In an introduction to the first volume, translator Martin Chalmers offers a useful précis of Klemperer's life (1881–1960) before and after the war and helps to put the posthumously published diaries in historical context. But Chalmers appears to be inaccurate on at least one count. He insists that Klemperer's diaries "were not written with publication in mind." In fact, Klemperer takes great care to preserve the diaries by having Eva continually take finished pages to a non-Jewish, anti-Nazi friend in Pirna, who later returned them intact. And he makes it clear that he is writing for posterity. "As far as it lies in my power," he says, "the Jews' House at 15b Caspar David Friedrich Strasse and its many victims will be famous."

The issue remains of just what Klemperer's Nazi-era diaries have to impart to us, beyond their harrowing tale of daily hardships. Except for the description of his final trek home, Klemperer's observations are confined primarily to Dresden and may not be generalizable to all Germany. Nevertheless, as Chalmers notes, they call into question Daniel Goldhagen's assertions that Nazi Germany was made up, for the most part, of "Hitler's willing executioners."

Within the confines of official anti-Semitism, many ordinary Germans—some friends, some strangers—go out of their way to help the Klemperers. Shopkeepers slip them extra supplies; strangers assure them that life will soon improve. In the tea factory where Klemperer is obliged to work, he finds the atmosphere "friendly,

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almost comradely—no anti-Semitism at all." There are echoes of Oskar Schindler in this "wild war-profiteering company," with its "most humane boss, equally human and bighearted to Aryans and non-Aryans." Helmut Richter, the trustee of their Dölzschen house, gives Klemperer bags of potatoes and even offers to hide him if a deportation order comes.

That terror constrained expressions of humanity is clear as well. "Everyone is afraid of everyone else now," Klemperer writes in February 1943. Distinguishing between friends and enemies is difficult but essential. Some of Klemperer's fellow workers "assert the absolute anti-Semitism of *all* classes in Germany, inborn, universal, ineradicable." Klemperer denies it but has his doubts. Interestingly, he seems to accept some Nazi categories almost unwittingly. He includes himself, for example, when he writes: "Perhaps we Jews always want to be something else—some Zionists, the others Germans."

Klemperer's diaries also shed some light on the issue of how much knowledge about Jewish persecution was available during the war. For the most part, those who wanted to know, did. By October 1942 Klemperer is able to write that Auschwitz "appears to be a swift-working slaughterhouse." In December one "Aryan" talks about mass shootings of Romanian Jews, while others remain blissfully ignorant. "Jew-baiting knows no bounds—but the worst measures against them are concealed from the Aryans," Klemperer writes in January 1943.

For much of the war, Dresden was spared the bombing that destroyed Berlin, Hamburg and other major German cities. On February 13, 1945, Klemperer learns that nearly all of Dresden's few remaining Jews, most in mixed marriages, are to be evacuated for "work duty." He is still exempted, but for how long?

As luck would have it, incendiary bombs visit Dresden that night like a biblical plague. Klemperer gives us a vivid account of the devastation—showers of sparks, burning buildings, streams of people rushing to escape fires, and piles of dead: "The skull of one had been torn away, the top of the head was a dark red bowl. Once an arm lay there with a pale, quite fine hand, like a model made of wax such as one sees in barbershop windows." Amid the chaos, the Klemperers are able to flee; he sheds his star and, once again, his Jewish identity.

The remaining pages of the diary are extraordinarily picaresque, as the couple make their way first to Munich and then back again. Much of their harrowing pilgrimage is on foot; they sleep in railroad stations and scrounge for food. War's end doesn't erase the problems of hunger and homelessness. But the threat of the gas chambers, at least, is gone. Germans tear down their pictures of Hitler and profess affection for the country's remaining Jews. Suddenly, no one is a Nazi.

The last page of this second diary brings the Klemperers' journey to a conclusion. They return, as in the Grimm-est of fairy tales, to the ruins of Dresden. There they are welcomed by a friend with tears, kisses and, of course, food—a storybook ending. Finally, they walk up to Dölzschen to resume their lives.

Klemperer, firmly anti-Bolshevik in these diaries, was fated to live out his days—and to publish the academic works he began under Hitler—in Communist East Germany. (He survived his wife's death in 1951, and was remarried a year later to a student.) He was reportedly never quite comfortable as a Communist, though he did become a party member. The details of how he squared his liberal humanist views with yet another authoritarian ideology are to be discovered only in the final diaries, not yet available in English. ■

Harrington's Dilemma

TOM HAYDEN

THE OTHER AMERICAN: The Life of Michael Harrington. By Maurice Isserman. Public Affairs. 449 pp. $28.50.

Maurice Isserman's *The Other American: The Life of Michael Harrington* evokes and will enrich the legacy of the last great American socialist in the tradition of Eugene Debs and Norman Thomas. In that once-powerful tradition, the socialist orators and organizers gave meaning to the immediate struggles that marked their age (industrial unionism for Debs, the New Deal for Thomas) by a deeper call to change the capitalist system itself.

Michael Harrington inherited this proud mission from his mentor, Norman Thomas, keeping it alive with thousands of speeches starting in the apathetic fifties, countless efforts to build socialist organizations, participation in the Socialist International with figures like Willy Brandt and François Mitterrand, and the publication of thirteen books and essays too numerous to count.

The most important was *The Other America*, a surprise bestseller that opened America's drowsy eyes to poverty in the midst of plenty. Released in 1962, it provided a useful analysis for civil rights and student activists and captured the attention of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, making Harrington the most relevant American socialist of his generation.

The dilemma of the socialist, as Michael defined it using the dichotomies of his early Catholic training, was to strike the precise balance between "the pilgrims of the absolute" and "day to day parish workers." The "absolute" was the banner of socialism, which he saw as the integrating explanation of injustice as well as its solution. But socialism was not on the US agenda, which left the chores of "parish work," whether through the Catholic Worker movement or the daily struggles of organized labor.

Parish work, in turn, was limited to a futile politics of "moral gesture," he believed, unless rooted in a larger analysis and movement toward socialism. That was the political double bind that confronted Harrington at virtually every stage of his public life, from the fifties until his 1989 death from cancer at a premature 61. In a broader sense, it is the dilemma faced by anyone committed to dealing with injustice in the here and now while also trying to eliminate the roots of injustice in the long run. As we asked at the beginning of the sixties, can we both be visionary and relevant? The dilemma is not made easier for those, like myself, who never felt that economic class was the axis on which the world turned or that socialism was a Holy Grail. We all want to feel part of something larger, to know that our single issues fit into a bigger picture, that we can name and desire an alternative to predatory corporate globalization. The insistence of Michael Harrington that change requires more than new faces in high places, that institutions must be transformed, is a continuing challenge for progressives today.

For Michael, the alternative was always democratic socialism, which meant public control of private corporations, achieved step by step through "visionary gradualism," with a realignment of the Democratic Party into a party representing labor, mi-

Tom Hayden is a state senator in California.

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norities and people of conscience. His socialism was a living tradition in which one constantly argued over Marx, Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, objective conditions and emerging tendencies within the various Internationals, from the Paris Commune down through the tepid leftism of the European labor parties. Michael himself was so immersed in European political discourse, so involved in the Socialist International, that former Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme once said he would have become a prime minister were he European.

So serious was the dilemma of "the absolute" versus "parish work" that Michael confessed profound guilt at leaving the call for socialism out of a book on poverty. When it became a bestseller, he was recruited from his funky Village bohemia to the inner chambers of the White House for weeks at a time as the War on Poverty was hammered out. He thus became perhaps the first left-wing celebrity since the McCarthy era. This heady overnight success, he later revealed, caused a nervous breakdown in 1965 that took several years of therapy to mitigate. (So ideological was Michael that he described his breakdown as "a minor psychological symptom of a major political problem in Marxism itself," i.e., the contradiction of being a successful socialist in a capitalist system.)

His intense devotion to being a public intellectual, to taking a critical stance toward even his own success, to treating every personal issue as a political one, perhaps accounts for the staying power of his written work. I have thousands of books at any one time, throwing them out as their utility diminishes. On my bookshelf at home are nine of Michael's books, more than any other author: *Socialism* (1972), *Fragments of the Century* (1972), *The Twilight of Capitalism* (1976), *The Vast Majority* (1977), *The Politics at God's Funeral* (1983), *Taking Sides* (1985), *The Next Left* (1986), *The Long Distance Runner* (1988) and *Socialism, Past and Future* (1989). I lent an original of *The Other America*, autographed by Michael in 1962, to some lucky forgotten soul, or the Harrington works would number ten. (Next highest on my gorged shelves are seven each by James Baldwin, Annie Dillard and André Brink.) Michael's books are irreplaceable, a legacy of radicalism at its most intelligent, undiminished by time.

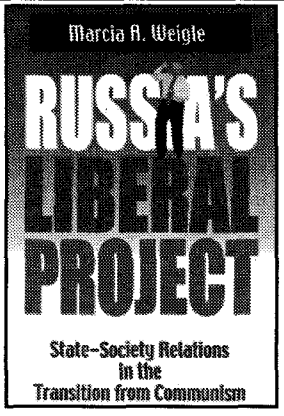
In preparing this review, I opened his autobiography, *The Long Distance Runner*, and found this scribbled note:

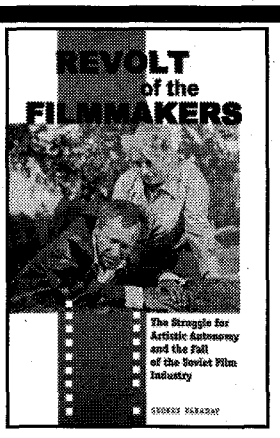
> For Tom,
> With fond memories of our past (except when I was being stupid!)
> And high hopes for all that you will accomplish for the cause.
> Mike

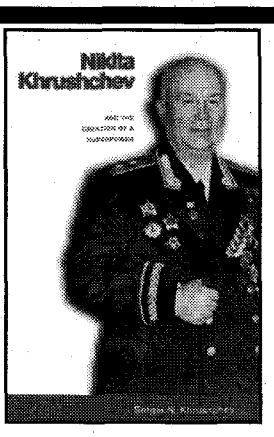
I put the signed book down amid a flood of memories. Michael wrote this note while he was suffering from the last stages of throat cancer. I remember being shocked, when I last saw him, at the removal of so much of his neck and jaw by the surgeon, but also at the smiling dignity of this long-distance runner. Even today I'm not alone in still being able to hear the staccato pitch of his voice, the flashing passion in his eyes, the slashing, two-handed punctuation of his debating form. As for the reference to stupidity, while Isserman shares my difficulty in understanding its roots, it had to do with Michael's harsh, divisive attacks on the New Left, which he spent many subsequent years regretting.

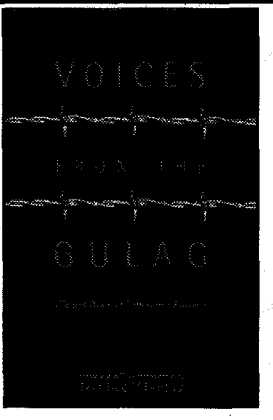
The same Michael who could rouse a thousand workers or students with a speech, who could be witty and gregarious in countless bull sessions at the White Horse Tavern, was also on a profound and inexplicable level a sectarian. The sectarian nature, religious or political, thrives on continuous doctrinal purification and organizational faction-fighting in the name of a Truth as revealed by oracle to his cult of followers.

From the fifties until 1970, according to









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Isserman, the mentor who was "destined to exercise the most lasting influence" on Michael was a former secretary to Leon Trotsky named Max Shachtman. Known to no one in the outside world, Shachtman managed to convince Michael, his friend Irving Howe and many other young men that they "were part of the elect." They were "Max's boys," who listened raptly to his doctrine that the ultimate task of the socialist left was to oppose the Soviet Union, which had become a bureaucratic collectivist state under Stalin. What perhaps attracted Michael was Shachtman's "third camp" position between the two bureaucratic collectivisms of capitalism and Communism. But since the Shachtmanites were Trotskyists, their real venom was reserved for rivals on the left. Trotsky's widow described her husband in terms that also captured the Shachtmanites: as the last fighters of an "annihilated legion" whose principal duty was to "maintain, clearly, accurately, a doctrine, a historic truth, a resolute waiting." Michael's lifetime political stance could be characterized as just that "resolute waiting."

The Shachtmanites were vectors of a toxic leftist tradition that Michael himself once described (in reference to Bella Abzug!) as "high-minded viciousness, an ugly inheritance from Karl Marx's dyspeptic, angry attitude toward all opponents."

They imagined themselves an elite cadre whose task was to "bore from within" to take over groups like the student branch of Americans for Democratic Action (which folded in convulsions as a result), to distribute party propaganda and hold forums to expose other leftists as impostors. Needless to say, new activitists like myself felt the last thing cold-war America needed was another movement against Communism. In our eyes the Soviet Union was neither a beacon of hope nor an immediate threat. We wanted America to live up to its ideals and stop supporting apartheid in the name of anti-Communism, and we wanted both sides to decelerate the arms race. According to Shachtmanite doctrine, this made us potential "Stalinoids" who had to be corrected at all costs.

What was Michael Harrington doing in this crowd? According to Isserman, "goodhearted, amiable Michael, defying expectations, proved a natural at faction-fighting." In the early fifties, foreshadowing things to come, Michael was expelled from Norman Thomas's Socialist Party because of his involvement in trying to take over its youth branch. In less than a decade, Michael would trigger similar internal crises with the new generation of radicals, like myself, who should have sparked his hope. Isserman's account is readable and objective, covering such episodes as these:

§ In 1962 Michael spent the entire opening night at the founding convention of Students for a Democratic Society in Port Huron, Michigan, attacking the draft I wrote of the Port Huron Statement for its criticism of both sides in the cold war arms race, its suggestion that organized labor lacked a vision and its assertion that students were a historical agency of change. He left abruptly the next morning, later acknowledging that he hadn't read the document.

A sectarian, perhaps, but 'Michael's "stupidities" are forgivable and even forgettable beside the durable brilliance of his written work.'

§ Shortly afterward, Michael chaired an inquisitorial hearing on the Port Huron Statement by the League for Industrial Democracy, the parent organization of SDS, and ordered the firing of two SDS staff members (Al Haber and myself), the placement of locks on our doors and the impoundment of the organization's mailing lists. While we continued trying to launch a student movement, he then went to Paris for a year.

§ In 1964 he joined the Democratic Party establishment in favoring a compromise that would give two nonvoting seats to the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party while seating the white-only delegation at the Democratic convention. Since the expulsion of the segregationist Democrats would have achieved the very "political realignment" that Michael preached, the compromise was denounced bitterly as a sellout by civil rights activists.

§ From 1965 on, according to Isserman, Michael and his comrades "established the reputation...as a group that had little to offer to the cause of peace in Vietnam—little that is, except for criticisms of those who were actually trying to stop the war." SDS leader Carl Oglesby said that while he originally admired Harrington and Howe, "here were these guys...denouncing me as a Red because I wouldn't criticize both sides equally—which seemed bullshit because both sides weren't invading each other equally, weren't napalming each other equally."

§ While Michael occasionally criticized the Vietnam War in editorials, he didn't make a public speech against it until 1969, when Richard Nixon was in the White House instead of Michael's Democratic labor allies.

By 1970 the logic of the Shachtmanites led them to support Nixon's Vietnam policies, which was a line Michael would not cross. He sat down and wrote a nine-page, single-spaced memo of disagreement. Shachtman, Michael's longtime mentor, never spoke to him again.

"His involvement in the Socialist Party had isolated him from some of the more significant political currents of the preceding decade," Isserman says. Rejected by the Shachtmanites as too soft, alienated from the New Left as too establishment, Michael drifted politically in the seventies and eighties into more modest, pragmatic attempts to revive democratic socialism and function as part of a left wing of the Democratic Party. He helped form the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, a realistic retreat from creating a socialist party; DSOC became an umbrella for many activists who identified themselves as socialists. Michael himself became a Democrat of sorts and was elected as a midterm delegate to the party's 1980 convention. But the hierarchy was in the process of moving toward the center, not the left, and quickly shut the door to independent participation in the platform drafting process. As the eighties continued, the times were not friendly to new socialist formations, so "Michael and his comrades spent a lot of time in other people's parades," Isserman says. Through it all, Harrington continued to lecture and travel as much as 100 days a year while raising two sons with his wife, Stephanie, in Larchmont, New York, writing prolifically and settling into an academic slot at Queens College.

Isserman is observant to note that "Michael had a gift of transcending his surroundings. People came to hear him speak in seedy little halls, where the dust lay deep on unsold copies of yellowing newspapers, and somehow came away thinking about the future potential of the Left." That is correct, but only deepens the reader's logical question of why this transcendent person drew so much of his psychic energy from what he himself once called "the little world of the New York left" where "the dust lay deep."

Michael and I shared a Midwestern, Irish Catholic background, although he remained in the Church a decade longer than I. We both were high school sports editors who turned bohemian. We both tried to be poets before politics drew us to prose and polemic. He was a role model when I met him in 1960. His Greenwich Village apartment, a festering dump littered with books and beer cans, seemed, to my suburban

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Michigan eyes, like the only kind of place to live in at the time.

But from my youthful, idealistic standpoint, Michael's "little world of the New York left" seemed suffocating, paternalistic and full of itself. To clarify what I mean, let me refer to Isserman's account of a 1965 debate between myself and Irving Howe, described in the book as being "as celebrated at the time as the Shachtman-Browder debate had been for an earlier generation of leftists." I knew nothing at the time, and know nothing more today, of the 1951 Shachtman-Browder debate, in which Shachtman supposedly skewered the deposed leader of the US Communist movement. I traveled from my community organizing office in Newark to debate Howe over the role of grassroots movements versus Democratic Party coalitions. I suppose I was brash, nothing more, but I felt insulted that night by Howe's paternalistic needling, which passed for debating skills in those circles. Isserman, relying on Jack Newfield's account, says I "stormed out of the hall, blinking back furious tears." My own recollection is that Howe was unacceptably abrasive. I decided it was a mistake to dignify what Isserman calls his "baiting," since that was what sectarians lived for, so I boycotted the scene by walking out. For myself, the "debate" was a brief, if painful, moment, quite irrelevant in comparison with, say, a meeting with Newark's mayor about police brutality. But in that "little world of the New York left," I would discover, the debate became a "key moment" in the lore of the left, even featured in televised documentary interviews forty years later by these "New York intellectuals" about themselves.

I was not "anti-intellectual," nor were the other founders of SDS, many of whom were graduate students. We identified with intellectuals like the maverick sociologist C. Wright Mills, who wanted to sweep away the cobwebs of an older left. Like Harrington, Mills was a Marxist who wanted to save the early Marx from the dogmatic tyranny of the Soviet heritage. Like Harrington, Mills fought the stultifying pomposity and conformity of fifties intellectuals. But he identified passionately with young people around the world who were breaking "out of apathy," which, Isserman notes, was a "spiritual connection Michael could not or would not make." Early SDSers wanted to link up with Michael in a real war on poverty, in a real antiwar movement, in a real realignment of the political process. Instead, he remained wedded to a Marxism centered on organized labor as "objectively progressive," and which belittled the New Left as "new Narodniks," the student rebels of nineteenth-century czarist Russia whose error was to mystify "the people," just as we were venerating black sharecroppers like Fannie Lou Hamer.

Michael's identification was with Shachtman's "annihilated legion" of true believers whose mission, all too often, was to tell young people why they were wrong, objectively speaking. Since Michael held the view that all "personal" matters were actually political, it is impossible to guess the psychological dynamics that were at work. Was it a role reversal, in which he changed from irreverent youth leader to a controlling father figure, as Isserman suggests? Or was it a transference from Michael's early immersion in claustrophobic Catholicism to a latter-day claustrophobic Marxism? The book offers no new light on the matter.

But Michael Harrington should not be judged by the worst episodes of those years, for by that standard there would be few medals to give out. Let the lessons of sectarianism and the hazards of success be warnings to us all. All of Michael's "stupidities" are forgivable and even forgettable beside the durable brilliance of his written work and its admirable nonconformity to an America that was so blinded by capitalism's privileges that it could not see its poverty. It took rare power to see and care about "the other America" in those gilded times.

In the final paragraph of the final chapter of *The Other America*, Michael wrote that "the fate of the poor hangs upon the decision of the better-off. If this anger and shame are not forthcoming, someone can write a book about the other America a generation from now and it will be the same or worse." I miss the man who wrote those words and shook America out of smugness. Where is the shame, where is the anger, at the bleeding gap between rich and poor today? Where is the Dickens, the Steinbeck, the Michael Harrington for our era? ■

Empty-Nest Politics

DEBORAH STONE

THE BABY BOON: How Family-Friendly America Cheats the Childless. By Elinor Burkett. Free Press. 256 pp. $25.

UNBENDING GENDER: Why Family and Work Conflict and What to Do About It. By Joan Williams. Oxford. 338 pp. $30.

Caring for kin is a universal human yearning and arguably our strongest moral imperative. Elinor Burkett, however, thinks that having children and wanting to care for them is a late-modern form of self-indulgence, and she is on a mission to end all family-friendly policies. *The Baby Boon* paints family life with such contempt and sarcasm that you feel dirty reading it. You need Joan Williams's *Unbending Gender* not only to wash up but to understand how we have evolved a political economy in which Burkett's sick moral inversion could be taken seriously by mainstream media.

Burkett casts the childless as the new oppressed minority. The child-worshiping majority has not only captured consumer and media culture but commandeered both political parties, federal legislation, tax policy and the workplace, so that the entire apparatus of collective life now "discriminates" against nonparents and treats them as "second-class citizens." Workplace policies and tax benefits built around the needs of parents are "preferential treatment... based on reproductive choice" and are "intrinsically insulting" and "degrading" to nonparents.

As my quotations make clear, Burkett fancies herself at the vanguard of a new civil rights movement—she likens herself more than once to early feminists, civil rights marchers and gay activists. She heads off accusations of selfishness by saying, "The first stirrings of demands by any minority always sound selfish, or at least out of touch with the zeitgeist. That is the nature of majoritarian tyranny."

Somehow, the grandiose images of democracy and civil rights are all out of proportion to the nature of the complaints. The book opens (and one assumes that an author always leads with her strong suit) with an interview with Cheryl Brant, a concrete inspector who was miffed at having to put in extra hours because her co-workers sometimes had sick kids or just wanted to attend their soccer games. Brant was also annoyed that she didn't get to claim any tax deduc-

Deborah Stone, a fellow of the Open Society Institute, holds an Investigator Award from the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation.

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tions for dependents. But what finally got to her was the time she went to the video store on a crowded day at the mall and was "forced to ride up and down rows of parked cars waiting for a space," while she could see a large empty space with a sign: PARKING RESERVED FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS AND PARENTS WITH INFANTS. To make matters worse, in the store a woman wearing an empty infant carrier was waited on ahead of her. "When does it get to be my turn to have my choices and interests respected and honored in America?" Brant whines at the end of this saga.

It's too bad that Burkett fails to distinguish between petty grievances like these and more important ways that the needs of nonparents are sometimes ignored. She is right that workplace policies should enable all workers to live a balanced life, whatever their activities outside the workplace. As Joan Williams points out in *Unbending Gender*, the most progressive companies indeed run "work-life" programs instead of "work-family programs." They don't inquire into why an employee wants flexibility, they ask only whether the employee's proposal for flexibility will work. Burkett also has a valid critique of how most federal tax subsidies to parents—especially childcare and college tuition credits—are not income-related and so go to wealthy families who don't need them, while not doing much, if anything, for low-income families.

It's hard not to feel, however, that Burkett uses the poor for cover, exactly as she accuses rich liberals of doing when they claim their family-friendly reforms will help the less fortunate. She fumes over the upper-class bias of tax provisions and workplace family benefits, but she doesn't waste many words actually calling for policies that would help low-income people. In fact, she's deeply ambivalent about such policies. Her preferred option seems to be to eliminate all aids to family life, rather than target them to the needy. As she says about childcare deductions, "Get rid of them entirely, or at least cap them by need." She thinks government has only the most minimal responsibility for children. Primary responsibility belongs with parents—but, she allows, "someone has to make sure parents don't beat them, rape them or leave them without supper. The only someone available is the government."

Someone also has to make sure that there are well-educated and morally decent nurses, businesspeople, construction workers, clerks and officials, if all of us, including the child-free, are to live the good lives we cherish. To most people, children are our future and the repositories of our purpose. But to Burkett, they are a luxury hobby, like polo or golf. Parents want flextime, sick-child leave and childcare deductions so they can amuse themselves at soccer games and school plays and do aerobics classes while their kids are with a sitter. Children are just another consumption item, and Burkett has no trouble finding economists to say she is right: "Having children is largely a voluntary choice, and may even be viewed as a matter of personal consumption preference from the point of view of parents," according to Joel Slemrod and Jon Bakija. So why should the childless subsidize the expenses of raising children any more than they should subsidize the personal preference for Armani suits? People should think carefully about whether they can afford children, just as they must about other consumer choices.

To Burkett, children are a luxury hobby, like polo or golf—just another consumption item, and she finds economists to say she is right.

Along with the economics jargon, the book slips in some rather ugly talk about "breeders," a term Burkett ought to know was used by the eugenics movement of the twenties and thirties and is rife with racist connotations. Nevertheless, she has no compunctions about using it and its verb forms frequently. And—disguised in the language of economics—she offers her own opinion that the wrong people are breeding: "Poor people refuse to apply the same economic logic to family decisions that they would to the purchase of a new car or the rental of an apartment. In the mathematical logic of American family life, those least able continue to have large families while the more affluent barely replace themselves."

In American politics, this is a familiar complaint of the haves against all newcomers and risers—they breed too fast, they and their children cost too much in social services, and they are unsavory. Curiously, Burkett resents up as much as down—all those aerobics classes and soccer games are her way of making middle- and upper-class parenthood seem unsavory. She's disgusted not just by parents but by her whole generation, the boomers, whom she repeatedly tars as an undifferentiated mass, apparently having forgotten the lessons of her civil rights heroes. Boomers are "a generation characterized by a collective aversion to humility"; they were "born and raised to a unique sense of entitlement" and have a "profound sense of their own superiority"; as young adults, they "lingered endlessly in adolescence, too self-absorbed to consider changing diapers"; they "have a core belief that they deserve to have it all." How, I wonder, does someone reach such conviction that she is morally superior to the rest of her generation?

In a 1996 *Atlantic Monthly* article, Burkett wrote that her 1960s liberal Jewish upbringing so steeped her in the values of tolerance, affirmative action and the necessity of an active government that when she set out to interview conservative women for her 1998 book, *The Right Women*, she went "with the interest and trepidation of an anthropologist visiting a tribe she suspects might include headhunters."

Burkett has joined the tribe, though, and her personal evolution recapitulates not one but two versions of how American left intellectuals metamorphosed into conservatives. In the fifties, many leftists atoned for their earlier embrace of Communism by becoming rabidly anti-Communist, anti-government and antiredistribution. Like her forebears, Burkett trots out the usual Communist bogies to denounce her enemies. Family-friendly benefits amount to "a Marxist wage system." Trying to "guarantee that all kids really receive equal opportunity, or the best possible life…is a fantasy unless we decide to collectivize child-rearing entirely to ensure equal conversation around the dinner table."

Burkett has also undergone the eighties-style conversion more characteristic of some of her own generation: from the idealism and empathy that saw government as an instrument of justice to a selfish preoccupation with getting and keeping one's own share of the goodies. "It's not their money. It's mine," she pouts, explaining why she's against tax credits for college tuition and why she wants some say in how parents use the money they save in taxes.

Burkett's resigned message to her generation is, "You can't have it all." There's no discrimination in the fact that women can't combine career and family as easily as men. That's just life. Grow up and make a choice, she tells women. To politicians she says, "It's time to give up" on family policy, which will never be able to reconcile the conflicting claims of different groups of citizens.

Joan Williams, a law professor at American University, is also a baby boomer, but she emerged from her youth with a more vigorous faith in the capacity of politics to make a better world. She sees work-family conflict as a clash between two ideals and

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TECHNOSCOUT

Stealth antenna hides under gutters but performs like big ugly antennas

The new Max Antenna by GE is the low-profile, high-gain way to get flawless reception of broadcast signals without expensive installation.

by Hope Chapman

The Max Antenna by GE is the ultimate TV antenna system.

Electronic engineers agree—your television is only as good as the signal it receives. Unfortunately, antenna design has not kept pace with improvements in television quality and the features available. Both cable and satellite television systems have spent a great deal to improve the quality of their transmission, but they can be extremely expensive, they aren't available in all areas and may not provide access to local TV stations. The advent of digital broadcast television is about to change the face of television, and in the near future, broadcasters will begin transmission of these high definition signals. This will mean that you won't need to pay outrageous cable bills or subscribe to satellite programming to get the perfect picture.

So people have headed back up to the attic and pulled their old rabbit ears out of storage. What they'll find is that although rabbit ears will provide reception of over-the-air signals, they are just as ugly and just as difficult to adjust as ever. Luckily, there is a new antenna from GE that will provide breakthrough performance without making your family room look like something out of the fifties.

Fuzzy outlook. If you subscribe to cable, you receive a quality picture on most channels, as long as storms or other factors don't disrupt your service. Unfortunately, the interference caused by the signal bouncing off buildings and other large objects, known as multipathing, often results in "ghosting" or "snow." If you'd rather not pay a hefty monthly sum for the privilege of receiving a signal, your options have been limited, and your picture was likely to be distorted. You could always mount a huge antenna on your roof, but that's not even allowed in some neighborhoods. Then there's the problem of aiming the antenna at the broadcast source.

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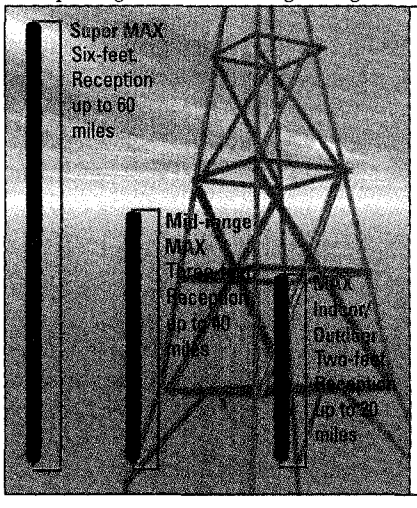

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the social structures that have evolved around them. Her book is an effort to reconcile the two ideals so that we can, in fact, have it all—or at least have it better.

On the one side is the ideal worker, who is fully dedicated to the job. He (usually) is available and willing to work long hours and irregular shifts, to travel and work on evenings and weekends, and even to relocate the whole family. For the ideal worker—and even more for his boss—work comes first.

On the other side is the ideal caregiver, who is fully dedicated to the family. She (usually) puts her family ahead of market work. Like her whole society, she believes that care by a relative (and by a parent in the case of children) is better than other forms of care, especially care purchased on the market.

The ideal-worker norm presumes that the worker has access to "a flow of family work"—someone else to keep the home, mind the children and nurse the sick. The ideal-caregiver norm presumes that "someone" should be a woman.

The ideal-worker norm structures the whole organization of work so that it is hostile to family life and caregiving. The norm also tends to exclude women from management, professional and blue-collar jobs, because it has a male bias that Williams dispassionately disassembles, as if she were taking apart a clock to see how it works. She opens up the ideal-caregiver norm in the same way, skillfully guiding readers through the legal doctrines that disenfranchise caregivers.

I can't do justice to the breadth and depth of *Unbending Gender* in a review, so here I'll take just one topic—mandatory overtime—and use it as a sort of core sample to display some differences in the way Burkett and Williams frame the issues.

Burkett presents mandatory overtime through the story of Joanna Upton. According to Burkett, Upton "asked state courts in Massachusetts to require employers to give single mothers their desired work schedules." Upton was "unmoved by the problems she would create not only for the company, but for her coworkers." According to facts stipulated by the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court—I've looked at the decision—Upton was fired when she refused her employer's demand to work from 8:15 in the morning until 9 or 10 PM each weeknight and all day on Saturdays; she was fired despite her explanation that she is a single mother and could not neglect her son. She sued her former employer, hoping that the state courts would see a conflict between an employer's right to require twelve- to fourteen-hour days and the public interest in the care and nurturing of children. (The courts didn't.)

For Williams, mandatory overtime is one element of structural conflict and not, as Burkett would have it, a test of employees' altruism. Twelve-hour days interfere with family life, strain childcare arrangements and violate the norm of parental care. Nevertheless, as Williams deftly explains, employers find it worthwhile to require their existing employees to work overtime, even when the Fair Labor Standards Act requires them to pay time and a half. This is because the cost of providing benefits for additional employees far outstrips the cost of overtime for existing employees. Williams suggests several changes to the Fair Labor Standards Act that might alleviate some of the problems. (Burkett doesn't offer any advice to the Joanna Uptons of the world, but if she were to offer any, it might be characterized as "Suck it up.")

These books illustrate the Scylla and Charybdis of bringing research to bear on politics—journalistic flimflam and academic rigor.

Each of Williams's many small policy suggestions such as this fits into a broader vision of how we can reconcile the two ideals. We need first to restructure market work so that people can live up to the norms of family caregiving without being shunted into low-paying jobs or stunted in their career growth. And second, we must reform family law, especially divorce law, but also child support and pension rights, so that family work gives rise to real material entitlements, just as market work does.

Beyond the policy issues, these books tell us much about why public intellectuals on the right have it easier than those on the left. For starters, it takes sophistication, time and effort to ingest complicated stories. Anecdotes of personal heroism and personal blame are easier to sell than structural clashes and abstract forces.

Perhaps, too, it's easier to mobilize people by appealing to anger than by appealing to love. Political psychologists have long known that people are more likely to be activated when they perceive that a policy will deprive them of something than when they see it as giving them something. No wonder conservatives have attacked government power in the courts by describing much of its activity as "takings."

The left's agenda is always solidarity—what might be described as "givings." In the new family-policy arena, the left's goal is to broaden collective responsibility for family welfare and to take some of the burdens off individuals. But solidarity can always be portrayed as somebody's loss and somebody's gain. While the barn is being raised, the neighbors lose their labor while the farmer gains a barn (or so the Burketts of the world would have them believe). Anyone looking to mobilize a politics of resentment can find ample ways to make people feel like losers. Burkett tries to mobilize her backlash by pointing out to as many constituencies as possible how *their* money and *their* time is being stolen and handed over to parents.

But the problem goes deeper still. Williams is at pains to unify as many constituencies as possible around a new conception of the proverbial pie. Much of the book is devoted to baking that pie—to showing how it is possible to reconfigure the ingredients of work organization and law so that both work and personal life are enhanced. And while she's giving the cooking lesson, Williams is busy pointing out how everybody—men, children, the elderly, people without children, blue-, pink- and white-collar workers, communities of color and low-income communities—can benefit from the new arrangements. But notice: It's a lot harder to teach a new recipe and bake a new kind of pie than to get people squabbling over the one on the counter.

While both Burkett and Williams are in the kitchen, fussing with pies, neither speaks of the elephant in the living room: the weakness of the American labor movement. They both talk a lot about discrimination suits, from opposite viewpoints. Burkett lambastes women who bring discrimination suits to gain a little space for caregiving. Williams sees the male norm of the ideal worker as effectively, though not intentionally, discriminating against women. She counsels women to bring a variety of discrimination suits—and outlines several possible legal tacks they might take.

What's missing from both books is this: People have to fight for parents' rights, women's rights, mothers' rights and all the rest because there has been no strong labor movement in the United States to fight for all workers' rights. Civil rights laws have become our substitute for a strong labor movement, and the only tool available.

Finally, these books illustrate the Scylla and Charybdis of bringing research to bear on politics—journalistic flimflam and academic rigor. Burkett tries to catalyze a movement by pretending to document the existence of one. I say pretend, because the evidence for a movement in

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the book consists mainly of quotations—people saying that they and a lot of other people are fed up and ready to rise. Burkett is a historian turned journalist. Quotations are the stock in trade of both professions, the "data" from which they draw conclusions. I found a quotation attributed to two different interviewees, with a fair amount of variation in the two renditions. Everyone knows that journalists take a few liberties, but these discrepancies are enough to make me wonder about Burkett's accuracy in transcribing people's words.

Then, too, there's an outright form of make-believe. Burkett introduces one couple as "Lisa and Richard Doe—a, er, hypothetical couple, of course," then tries to make us forget they don't exist. She carries on this fiction for pages and gives them childless neighbors, Frank and Adele Jones, and elaborates precise details of the two couples' lives, their friendship, their incomes. She has them compare tax returns. She gives them emotions (Frank's "heart sank" when he saw his tax liability), and even makes up a couple of quotes for Lisa and Richard.

Burkett did much of her research by listening in to chat rooms and online forums and by conducting e-mail interviews. She uses the printed page—and the Free Press lends its good name—to elevate flaming to the level of published research. "Breeders get so much time off," begins one riff from an e-mail interview. "Who covers for them, who works more hours? The non-breeders, that's who.... We are punished for not squirting out spawn." The Free Press further dignifies this drivel with a publicity release claiming the book is "armed with hard data and grassroots reporting."

Williams would jump-start a movement with reasoned argument. Her documentation is encyclopedic and scrupulous. She listens to every conceivable counterargument and takes it head-on. But despite her genuine desire to reach a broad audience, she can't hold her academic tongue. In trying to unify various feminist camps around her vision—a worthwhile political goal for which she deserves kudos—she veers off into some rarefied conversations. Somebody please (foundations, are you listening?) give her money to convert her pathbreaking ideas into public currency!

To be sure, nobody's got a monopoly on either thin journalism or thick scholarship. I have a sinking feeling, though, that these two failings are increasingly characteristic of the right and the left. ■

The Troves of Academe

CARLIN ROMANO

BLUE ANGEL. By Francine Prose. HarperCollins. 314 pp. $25.

THE HUMAN STAIN. By Philip Roth. Houghton Mifflin. 361 pp. $26.

"A university," poet John Ciardi acidly observed, "is what a college becomes when the faculty loses interest in students." Add this contemporary counterpunch: A college is what a university becomes when its faculty and administrators lose interest in truth. Though liberal arts colleges don't acknowledge it in the snazzy brochures they express-mail to high school seniors, many elements of all but the best institutions—the modest franchises, the flimsy finances, the self-preservationist instincts of timeserving faculty—subvert the visionary claims historically made on behalf of higher education.

That "genus gap" between aspirational ideal and quotidian reality may explain what draws protean novelists like Philip Roth and Francine Prose to campus, following in the tracks of such earlier anthropologists as Mary McCarthy, Randall Jarrell and Bernard Malamud. With the exception of Christian churches, no American institutions provide so much yawning space between appearance and reality for the novelist of manners to explore. Like Christian churches, charged to live up to the Gospel ideal of love with frail humans driven by what-Jesus-wouldn't-do motives, liberal arts colleges—also handicapped by the challenge of getting good help—march to an oratorical drumbeat of truth and free speech designed for great universities, but imposed on less august institutions as well, and portentous enough to put grown women and men to sleep at commencement time.

"He who enters a university walks on hallowed ground," James Bryant Conant declared at the Harvard tercentenary in 1936, and subsequent declaimers of higher-ed ideology have kept the faith. Harvard's Nathan Pusey asserted in the thick of academe's McCarthy-minded fifties that the task was "to keep alive in young people the courage to dare to speak the truth, to be free, to establish in them a compelling desire to live greatly and magnanimously." Robert M. Hutchins likewise declared that the university "is not a kindergarten; it is not a club; it is not a reform school; it is not a political party; it is not an agency of propaganda.... Freedom of inquiry, freedom of discussion, and freedom of teaching—without these a university cannot exist.... The university exists only to find and to communicate the truth. If it cannot do that, it is no longer a university."

Against those boosterish toasts to the campus as Free Thought U. ran a countertradition of disdain for higher education's mustiness, an attitude already expressed in Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* gibe at the university as a "sanctuary in which exploded systems and obsolete prejudices find shelter and protection after they have been hunted out of every corner of the world." Only in recent times, and distinctively in America, have the university and college been seen as repositories of the new and obnoxiously ephemeral.

Whatever their proper niches in the respective *oeuvres* of Francine Prose and Philip Roth, the new novels from these prolific masters share this: They precisely inspect a subregion of the American "acascape"—the tony New England liberal arts college—exposing the peculiar corruptions of an environment outsiders frequently consider close to paradise. Both books transcend their settings, expanding into complicated literary accomplishments. But both books also drill home lessons about small-time academe that no April visit to campus, accompanied by your gangly 17-year-old, can provide.

In a freer literary universe, Roth's Coleman Silk and Prose's Ted Swenson would lunch together weekly, swapping the secrets they keep from everyone else. At 71, Coleman (regularly referred to by his first name), is an aging classicist, the longtime dean of Athena College in the Berkshires, who resigned under pressure two years before to end a political-correctness soap opera. After two registered students missed his class for the first few weeks of term, Coleman asked aloud, "Does anyone know these people? Do they exist or are they spooks?" The truants, who turned out to be black, filed charges over the "racial slur." It was a lie

Carlin Romano, literary critic of the Philadelphia Inquirer, *taught philosophy at one college in the Berkshires and one college in Vermont.*

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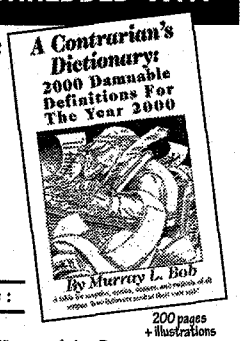

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that Coleman intended anything racial, trusted old narrator Nathan Zuckerman assures us, but lies thrive in the biased systems of small colleges like Athena. Coleman's defense that he employed old-fashioned diction for "ghosts" is worthless against enemies like Delphine Roux, the 30ish politically correct chair of languages and literature whom he hired despite their instant mutual dislike. So Coleman, known for his "bulldozing vanity and autocratic ego," simply quit, "an act not of capitulation but of outraged protest, a deliberate manifestation of his unwavering contempt."

Now, in 1998, the Clinton sex scandal weighs on everyone's mind, and Coleman has further attenuated his status in the town of Athena by beginning a sub rosa relationship with Faunia Farley, an illiterate 34-year-old Athena College cleaning woman victimized by one man or another since childhood. ("Everyone knows you're sexually exploiting an abused, illiterate woman half your age," announces an anonymous note Coleman receives.)

As Roth artfully unfolds his story in slo-mo, we also learn that Coleman has been living a lie since early manhood. A light-skinned black high school valedictorian from East Orange, New Jersey, and the son of a nurse and an optician turned dining-car waiter, Coleman's been passing himself off as Jewish since lying about it on his application to join the Navy, eager to escape being a "We," determined to be "just on his own and free." By the time we meet Coleman, father of four children and widower since the recent death of his wife, Iris, he's a nineties academic disaster waiting to happen.

By contrast, Ted Swenson at first appears to have made all the right calls, sidestepping clichéd pitfalls of his trade. At 47, still haplessly trying to follow up on the promise of his two successful early novels, he's the tenured writer in residence at Euston College, a third-rank liberal arts school in Vermont with an "alarmingly tiny endowment." Swenson claims he loves his wife, Sherrie (the college nurse). He hopes to melt the late-teen ice that has formed between them and their daughter, Ruby, and to continue to avoid the most obvious temptation: sleeping with his students.

Sure, at the administration-mandated session on sexual harassment Swenson thinks, "What if someone rose to say what so many of them are thinking, that there's something erotic about the *act* of teaching, all that information streaming back and forth like some…bodily fluid." But "as hard as it might be for anyone, including himself, to believe, he's taught here for twenty years and never once slept with a student.… How hard it is to remember their names, which proves that they meant nothing, nothing worth risking his job for." In Swenson's own mind, "He's the saint of Euston!"

That's particularly prudent since at nearby State U. an art history professor has recently been suspended without pay for saying "Yum" when introducing "a classical Greek sculpture of a female nude." ("The students accused him of leering. He said he was expressing a gut response to art.")

Swenson's time to screw up, however, is now. Because "what really bothers him… is that he was too stupid or timid or scared to sleep with those students. What exactly was he proving? Illustrating some principle, making some moral point?"

Enter punky 19-year-old Angela Argo, a student who shows real writing talent and reawakens romance in Swenson—first for her gift, then for her, a "skinny, pale redhead with neon-orange and lime-green streaks in her hair and a delicate, sharp-featured face pierced in a half-dozen places." Slowly, deftly, Prose orchestrates Swenson's descent into the same humiliation that awaited Professor Rath in the classic Josef von Sternberg movie *The Blue Angel* (1930). Angela turns out to be a lying, manipulative opportunist, but Swenson, a liar himself, falls into all her traps.

The surface truth about Athena and Euston is that a college campus today may be the least safe place in America to speak dangerously: less safe than a TV talk show, less safe than a newspaper, less safe than drive-time radio. Comprehensive studies—from Ellen Schrecker's *No Ivory Tower*, about redbaiting in the fifties, to *The Shadow University* by Alan Kors and Harvey Silverglate, on speech codes in the eighties and nineties—make that no cultural epiphany. On some campuses, academic freedom means freedom for professors to hide when issues of principle threaten business as usual.

But Prose and Roth itemize deeper illnesses on campus, not just knee-jerk PC conclusions and stereotypical faculty cowardice. When Coleman and Delphine Roux try to talk, every contrarian remark by either seems a conversation-ender. ("Coleman, you've been out of the classroom for a long time."/"And you haven't been out of it ever.") When the Euston English department gathers at Dean Francis Bentham's house for a "check-up" dinner, the small talk evolves into an exchange of uncomfortable classroom moments about gender, capped by Swenson's incendiary solution, which comes back to bite him: "Lock them in a room and shout dirty words at them until they grow up."

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To both Prose and Roth, the college campus seems a halfway house between rambunctious real life and the microscopic nosiness of the courtroom. It exhibits all the attention to detail, sensitivity to rights and violations of the law, but virtually none of its regard for evidence, fairness or due process. Political correctness, college style, looks to Prose and Roth like execration without representation, primitive stigmatizing gussied up as principle. Both Coleman and Swenson end up pariahs in these books despite being technically innocent of the charges against them.

Both Prose and Roth dig through further layers of pathology. Coleman and Swenson exude a deep-rooted condescension for their work and habitat, unmitigated by healthier thoughts from any character around them. Coleman reflects ruefully, in retirement, on how he had "guided Athena's mediocre students, as best he could, through a literature some twenty-five hundred years old." Clashing with Roux, he rages that

> our students are abysmally ignorant. They've been incredibly badly educated. Their lives are intellectually barren. They arrive knowing nothing and most of them leave knowing nothing. Least of all do they know, when they show up in my class, how to read classical drama. Teaching at Athena, particularly in the 1990s, teaching what is far and away the dumbest generation in American history, is the same as walking up Broadway in Manhattan talking to yourself, except instead of the eighteen people who hear you in the street talking to yourself, they're all in the room.

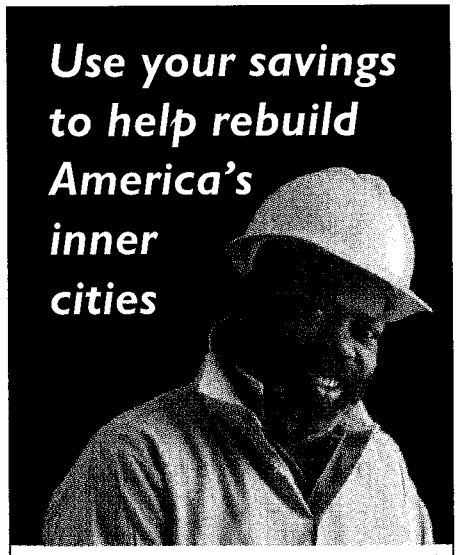
Swenson—guided by Prose's pointillist irony rather than Roth's orotund rage—muses, "When he first started teaching, he'd settled for nothing less than the whole class falling in love with him. Now he's content to get through the hour without major psychic damage." While Swenson thinks he gives students "a useful skill," his approach to his job is largely cynical, aimed at getting the students to "see him as generous, giving—on their side," when he hardly cares. Swenson actually admires the many women who quickly transfer from Euston: "The women are just smarter, quicker to catch onto the fact that they're wasting their parents' money in this godforsaken backwater."

Even after a conference with Angela, his favorite, Swenson feels he's once more "siphoned all his creative juices into a brain-numbing chat with a student." His workshop often consists of trying to remember the details of a student submission, figuring out "some way to improve this heartbreaking, subliterate piece of shit" and achieve "the weekly miracle of healing the terminally ill with minor cosmetic surgery." Swenson and Magda, his poet colleague, don't argue too hard for a creative writing major: "Why would they want the extra work of reading student-thesis novels?"

Swenson's colleagues similarly depress him. "Why not see this scene," he asks himself, scanning the English department dinner party, "as Chekhov might: a gathering of lost souls pretending they're not expiring from boredom and angst in some provincial outpost?" Dean Bentham will "ask thoughtful questions and murmur soft grunts of comprehension as they cut their own throats, one by one, each sounding too jaded, too naïve, too earnest, too complaining, until even the tenured will feel anxious about their jobs as Bentham sits back and watches how badly they're behaving." The dean himself "was hired a half-dozen years ago in a fit of community self-hate; not even when he visited Euston as a candidate did he make a secret of his natural Oxbridge-assisted superiority to these touching but hopelessly naïve colonial morons."

It's no coincidence that Prose and Roth, coming to college novels at the same time, fail to portray anyone as healthy or admirable, living a life we should envy and respect. Prose, whose "Scent of a Woman's Ink" essay in *Harper's* two years ago smartly challenged tropistic ways of reading male and female novelists and their subjects, undoubtedly recognizes the campus novel as an equal-opportunity odor du jour, attracting everyone from Coetzee to Jane Smiley. One can emulate her guerrilla tactic of juxtaposing male and female writers—Updike and Mary Gaitskill formed a particularly inspired pair—to support her notion that an adroit woman novelist may well tackle a subject more boldly, crisply, precisely than the male novelist exploring it through a counterlife.

Coleman Silk, despite his unusual ethnicity for a Roth protagonist, eventually becomes one more spokesman for a certain psyche's life as a man, however entertaining and on target the rants of this and all seasons. While some critics have taken *The Human Stain* as volume three of a trilogy begun with *American Pastoral* and *I Married a Communist*—the main reason being that *New York Times* critic Michiko Kakutani passed on the notion from Roth and the book's publicists in her review—one might as well ask whether the book forms a tetralogy with long-ago *Letting Go* (and its troubled young Jewish academic at the University of Chicago), or *The Breast* and *The Professor of Desire*, in which Professor



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David Kepesh's transformations were both more and less remarkable than Coleman's.

Regardless, Roth's choices in *The Human Stain* make Coleman—and Zuckerman as Boswell—less convincing critics of academic hypocrisy than Swenson and the waspish wizard behind him. Prose continues her evolution here from the once remote and redemptionist young novelist, whose earliest books (*Judah the Pious*; *Marie Laveau*) arrived like parables at the novelist's ball, to the wickedly observant muralist of tabloid conceits (*Bigfoot Dreams*), literary envy (*Guided Tours of Hell*) and many other abundantly alive slices of life. As pointedly reportorial as the more self-anointedly journalistic Tom Wolfe, Prose re-creates the intricate texture of distortion on today's campus by going beyond just the charges against Swenson to marvelously savvy passages about the deceitful dynamics of writing workshops, the abashed stealth with which professors recoil at the pierced faces of students and the glib flexibility of the campus tour for prospectives, in which every college flaw turns into an asset, smallness into "intimacy."

Swenson faces as much damage as Coleman, but because Prose wisely denies him a soapbox on every headline from Monica to the traumas of Vietnam service, both his transparent justifications and those Prose leaves open for fair assessment come as a surprise.

Swenson's anger, to be sure, ends up trained on his colleagues and dean, all too ready to play "by the rules of this cult" to which they've surrendered their lives, to play scripted roles from the top down when the time comes to drum him out as a "predatory harasser." But at the same time, Swenson responds by looking inward while Coleman, eager for an end to "significance," settles for the liberatingly nonverbal obsession with Faunia, leaving it to Zuckerman, more or less, to handle the meaning of it all. Swenson's attempt to understand his respect for Angela's novel, to confront the "erotics of teaching" and "the dangers of starting to see one's student as a real person," all take him into neighborhoods of truth and falsehood Coleman never enters. In the end, Swenson, unlike Coleman, feels sorry for many things, among them wrecking his career and marriage. He is, however, most "extremely sorry for having spent twenty years of his one and only life, twenty years he will never get back, among people he can't talk to, men and women to whom he can't even tell the simple truth." Unlike Coleman, Swenson knows that he's the victim of more than bad trends, bad breaks, too much testosterone. He's learned something about the place where he spent his life, while Coleman, one suspects, would take back his deanship in a flash if he could keep his cleaning lady on the side.

Intricacies of characterization aside, it's no small news that two of our sharpest, most sophisticated culture critics and novelists indict the liberal arts college as a gorgeously landscaped prison, a dysfunctional refugee camp for lost intellectuals, a Kafka neighborhood with Hallmark postcard. A community, thinks Zuckerman, where "simply to make the accusation is to prove it. To hear the allegation is to believe it. No motive for the perpetrator is necessary, no logic or rationale is required. Only a label is required. The label is the motive. The label is the evidence." And all this "in the New England most identified, historically, with the American individualist's resistance to the coercions of a censorious community—Hawthorne, Melville and Thoreau come to mind."

Years ago, University of California president Clark Kerr laughingly described a campus executive's three major administrative problems as "sex for the students, athletics for the alumni, and parking for the faculty." These days, the problems of the liberal arts college are no laughing matter. ■

The Village People

EUNICE LIPTON

AMERICAN MODERNS: Bohemian New York and the Creation of a New Century. By Christine Stansell. Metropolitan. 420 pp. $30.

Christine Stansell has written a rather startling book about modernism and bohemia. Avant-garde art interests her not at all. Painting, photography, sculpture are pretty much absent. So are Eliot, Pound and Gertrude Stein. This book is not about art or even literature, really. It is about the creation of a new life in early-twentieth-century New York among a particular group of people who lived downtown and contributed mightily to our notions of what being modern in America is all about.

Stansell, a professor of history at Princeton, is interested in the social dimensions of Modern, a world where women can vote and have lovers and edit magazines and have children only when they want to and where Jews and other immigrants can teach Yankees about emotional intensity in writing and social philosophy and political agitating. A world in which art and life and feelings suffuse one another and out of which a politics of equality is constructed.

Although *American Moderns*, which covers the period roughly from 1900 to 1917, lacks all obvious and, I would say, distressing traces of postmodern theory—no indigestible sentences and off-putting neologisms—it bears in graceful residue a truly important contribution of poststructural theory, the certainty that there is no single narrative that tells the past the way it really was. Nor the present, for that matter. Stansell says as much on page 8: "This is the story I tell in this book." There are other stories; this is hers.

She writes an elegant and gracious English, nothing worried, anxious or excessive here. There is an aura of gentility and privilege, just the sort of voice that ordinarily lulls a reader into helpless gullibility: Surely this must be the story. But Stansell's caution and modesty, her use of phrases like "it's hard to get a fix on it" or "people might start to" or "it seemed possible, then" suggest that there may indeed be other stories, and that she may even believe them. It's a confident and eloquent style of writing that reminds me of her colleagues in the history department at Princeton. I'm referring to Robert Darnton, Natalie Zemon Davis and Sean Wilentz.

Stansell's cast of characters is old and familiar but also new and surprising. There is Emma Goldman, the Russian Jewish denizen of the Lower East Side, a mesmerizing anarchist orator equally rousing when she speaks of free love, the rights of labor or contemporary literature. But there's also the more genteel and less known Margaret Anderson, originally from Chicago, editor of an influential small magazine, the *Little Review*. Then there's handsome Max Eastman, editor of *The Masses*. In addition there's Harvard-educated journalist Hutchins Hapgood eagerly crossing class

Eunice Lipton's last book was Alias Olympia *(Cornell); she lives in New York and Paris and recently finished a memoir,* The Fall of Louis.

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lines to prepare articles for Lincoln Steffens's *Commercial Advertiser*. Other pieces of Stansell's collage—that's what she calls it—are Margaret Sanger, Mabel Dodge, John Reed and Big Bill Haywood.

The world they are looking for is Gertrude Stein's "life without a father." And they mean that in the world of labor politics as well as sexual politics. Stansell writes, "These efforts to equalize and animate the relations of men and women seemed to spin threads of empathy between self and other social strangers. It was as if revitalized relations between the sexes could bring the classes, too, into amity and honest conversation, both political and social." Margaret Sanger and Dolly Sloan help the children of striking workers in Lawrence, Massachusetts, find temporary homes in New York. Mabel Dodge drives picketers around during the Paterson, New Jersey, strike in 1913. University-educated journalists expose the injustices of Lower East Side tenement existence.

But it is feminism that is most celebrated in this book as a catalyst for change. "Feminism is going to make it possible for the first time for men to be free," wrote Floyd Dell in his article "Feminism for Men," for *The Masses* in July of 1914. Emma Goldman in her lectures on love spoke of "true companionship and oneness" between the sexes. For the New Woman there had to be a New Man, one who listened and was interested, one who respected women's independence and freedom. In Stansell's words, "a New Man, a hero whose active, intelligent participation in the modern age could make him an adequate companion for the New Woman... a kind and gentle male authority [who] might arise, benign and brotherly rather than authoritarian and patriarchal."

Well, it was a dream. But many strove toward it. And many still do.

When Stansell refers to "Talking"—one of the five sections in the book—she means free speech, the freedom to speak publicly about birth control, free love, the right of workers to strike. And modern literature. Cafes, restaurants and editorial meetings of magazines like *The Masses* reverberated with endless, inventive, outrageous talk. But Stansell is also referring to the honest verbal intimacy between friends and lovers.

"Talking" is a significant choice of category. Like "Writing," another section in the book, it bears the earmarks of cultural anthropology (Princeton, again) and suggests a way of doing research that will produce the texture of a culture and not a defining narrative.

The "talking" Stansell has in mind has subtle as well as obvious political ramifications, however. Shared talk between two people produces a special kind of exhilaration, almost an erotic eagerness for what will come next. Listening, taking in the other, appreciating the nuance of a phrase, a word. The glory of discovering. Equally. The French Jewish philosopher Emmanuel Levinas once wrote,

> The banal fact of conversation...quits the order of violence.... To speak, at the same time as knowing the Other, is making oneself known to him.... The Other is the only being that one can be tempted to kill. This temptation to murder and this impossibility of murder constitute the very vision of the face. To see a face is already to hear, "You shall not kill."

This is also what Stansell has in mind. Shared words were at the heart of contemporary labor and sexual politics.

"It was reading, most of all," she writes, "that gave the bohemians their sense of themselves as artists and their convictions about what exactly was modern." They read each other constantly. One of the most interesting things about these new writer spaces was that they became what Stansell refers to as a third space where men and women mingled as equals, where they agreed and disagreed safely, argued vehemently, reconsidered positions in public but not exactly in front of one another. This, it seems to me, was both a sign of their progress and their failure: What could be said. But not face to face.

American Moderns is a passionate book, a book in which being American is something to be proud of. The sources of this pride and its emotional center are the formative role of women and the lack of institutionalized anti-Semitism. Stansell mentions more than once that the kind of sustained and murderous anti-Semitism that existed in Europe did not exist in America. And could not, I think she means. One suspects that Stansell really believes that people either get the kind of democracy that we've had in America, which inhibits anti-Semitism and is fertile ground for feminism, or you live in a country with more extreme pendulum swings—a country that can both produce universal healthcare, extensive unemployment insurance, high subsidized retirement pensions, a month's paid vacation and can collaborate with the Nazis. We don't get a labor or socialist party, but we don't get fascism either.

Certainly one listens in vain in Parisian bohemian circles for the voices of Fernande Olivier—Picasso's girlfriend and a paint-

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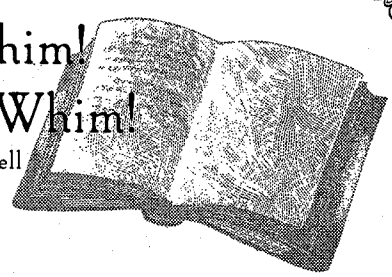

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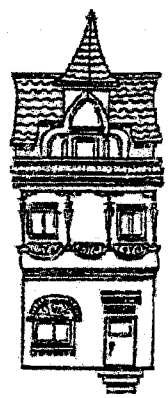

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er—or Marie Laurencin, a painter and the poet Apollinaire's girlfriend. One cannot imagine French bohemia with women's voices. Nor with Jewish voices. The poet Max Jacob might have been a Jew, but not in the way that Abraham Cahan or Emma Goldman read as Jewish. There was no way these latter two could disavow their ethnicity. It was the history they wore for all to see. It was also what their Christian Village friends wanted from them. Jacob might die a Jew in Drancy awaiting deportation to Auschwitz, but he didn't live as one in Montmartre. Nor did he want to, I'm sure. Nationalism has always come first in France, whatever else one is. There is one thing that these American moderns lacked that I at least sorely missed. Not one great meal was devoured during the entire book. There was something rather strict about them. And earnest.

I have two gripes with *American Moderns*. One is related to its even-temperedness. Since its subject is equally sexual love and responses to social injustice in a period of the meanest and bloodiest conflict, I missed a sense of the danger and disappointment in those years. The striving toward sexual equality broke down in that old, familiar place where it always does: the domestic front. Who will clean the house, empty the garbage, take the kids to the doctor? Sexual freedom was exercised more vigorously by men than women. There is not a whiff of the dreadful and humiliating jealousy that always accompanies that experiment. This lack contributes to a certain irreality of that feeling-world that the New Woman and New Men strove to live and cultivate.

The other problem is more complicated, and is not Stansell's alone. It has to do with modernist art and its absence from the lives of the very people who shaped a modernist social agenda. It is not enough to state, as Stansell does, that realism with an extreme social content—"contraband subject matter" as she puts it—was the form they preferred. So a D.H. Lawrence appealed more than a Virginia Woolf. One can't but wonder why it is that where modernism did exist as a style in New York in the varied works of Georgia O'Keeffe, Arthur Dove, Frank Stella and Charles Sheeler, it did not exist as a politics. And where the politics flourished, the taste in art was more conventional. I think there is a sort of puritanism at work here: Politics is serious work and art is frivolous. So the only art that's acceptable is one that intersects in a fairly literal way with obvious political interests. That is, some form of realism. Stansell writes this about artistic inclinations: "With [American moderns] there is confidence, discovery, self-delight, not fine distinctions, irony, and refusal. These writers liked expansiveness and embrace, not doubt and mockery." Playfulness and humor are missing. Stansell's moderns don't reach for correspondences between art forms (literary and visual) and political forms, not even the most obvious resonances: time, motion, labor unrest and change translated into the fractured forms of Cubism or the angular cacophonies of Expressionism. "Modern art" was somehow dangerous, excessive, unpredictable. But modern life was exhilarating. That's a shame.

Nonetheless Stansell's book is a triumph. It is fun to read. It entirely remaps familiar terrain because of her feminism and sincere appreciation of difference. Finally this book is a poignant example of where some feminists of her generation have gone. Her focus is no longer on women alone as it was in her first important book, *The Powers of Desire*, which she edited with Ann Snitow and Sharon Thompson, and in her second groundbreaking work, *City of Women: Sex and Class in New York, 1789–1860*. *American Moderns* is what I suppose some people would call postfeminist, not because feminism is obsolete but because our original scenario was a desperate if joyous Us against Them, and it no longer is.

Pat Barker, a very different writer, comes to mind here. Barker's early novels—*Union Street*, *Blow Your House Down*, *Liza's England*—were uniquely about working-class women and were published by the British feminist publisher Virago. Although one could say the volumes of her recent trilogy about World War I, *Regeneration*, *Eye in the Door* and *The Ghost Road*, are exclusively about men, in fact they are not. Her characters inhabit a world where adjectives like masculine and feminine are beside the point. Christine Stansell has written a book suggesting that American men and women knew this was possible in the first years of a century already passed. ■

LETTERS
CONTINUED

(Continued From Page 2)

restoration," and suggests,"ironically, the best projects may be the least arresting," thereby labeling ecology as good (which is true) and design as bad (which isn't).

Walker and Hargreaves are by no means anti- or un-ecological. Of their prizewinning projects, thirteen involved reclamation of brownfields, degraded urban, industrial or rural sites, a practice lauded by Kay; fifteen were parks, the grounds of foundations, campuses and other public places. That the projects were beautiful to ASLA judges hardly erases their ecological and social bases.

Even the largest firms and most glamorous "stars" must strive to keep their financial noses above water. If—as Kay complains—they do more commissions on corporate rooftops than in brownfields or public parks, the fault lies in the market that hires them. Everyone dreams of creating parks and remediating brownfield sites, and most firms promote such projects.

When I began to report on the field five years ago, I was confused by the distinctions landscape architects bitterly made between ecology and design until I realized that they usually referred to a disagreement between designers whose work *looked* ecological—"natural"—and designers whose work was clearly contrived by the human hand. I learned that all landscape architects are designers and that there are many significant projects in both stylistic camps. The relative value of these styles is hotly debated, but ecological virtue doesn't lie with one or the other.

JANE BROWN GILLETTE
Executive editor, Land Forum International

KAY REPLIES

Boston

■ I would be the last to say that good design and good ecology compete. They should embrace each other. Olmsted created places of great artistry that grace rather than overwhelm the natural landscape, Boston's Fens among them. Many contemporary landscape architects continue that tradition. I would hope that praise for "less arresting" places that touch passersby as the beauty bestowed by the Almighty would please professionals, along with designs lauded as striking. I was also not suggesting that the work of the landscape architects mentioned was nonecological. I suggest that the projects stellar landscape architects seem to choose are sometimes performance art first, remediation second. As for landscape architects' financial predicaments or priorities, that is their choice, and perhaps the letter writer needs more distance to assess them objectively. In those instances where we fail to ameliorate the landscape, "the blame" for the failure falls not just on our star architects but on ourselves, as said.

Recently, a librarian e-mailed me requesting a copy of my article. Someone told her that the piece "spoke of landscape architects as saviors." That's a rather lofty description, but it does reflect my belief in the possibility of the profession to keep its chin above the water line and do good and even messianic work. JANE HOLTZ KAY

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EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, GREENPEACE USA, WASHINGTON, DC. Established in 1971, Greenpeace is an independent campaigning organization that uses nonviolent creative confrontation to expose global environmental problems, working to bring about important changes in consciousness and *Realpolitik* nationally and internationally. Greenpeace campaigns arise out of global imperatives to protect our oceans, ecosystems, to stop global warming, to eliminate threats posed by genetically engineered food, to save ancient forests and to end nuclear threats and toxic pollution. Greenpeace USA is part of an international organization working worldwide on these issues. The Executive Director's major responsibilities are to lead with vision, creativity and clarity to advance the work of Greenpeace in accordance with its core values and its purpose of winning campaigns, and to communicate the vision of Greenpeace to the public, the environmental community and within Greenpeace. The ideal person should have demonstrated success in managing complex organizations, preferably as a CEO or as the founder of an NGO; experience in or understanding of integrating campaigning, direct action, communications and fundraising to achieve primary institutional goals; an understanding of nonprofit financial management; the ability to develop effective political strategy with a Board of Directors and senior managers; an intellectual understanding of global environmental issues and commitment to a global perspective; a commitment to nonviolent action and movement-building campaigns; commitment to diversity; strong interpersonal teambuilding skills, and fairness and honesty in dealing with others. Response in complete confidence to Robert Sellery Associates, Ltd., 1155 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20036; e-mail sellery@cais.com; fax (202) 333-1167. For further details on this position, visit www.sellery.com.

WASHINGTON COORDINATOR: EAST TIMOR ACTION Network. Support the people of East Timor by monitoring, advising and challenging international and US government bodies, continuing ETAN's 8-year history of effective solidarity work. Requirements: Washington/lobbying experience; communications, research skills; knowledge of East Timor/Indonesia. Part-time fundraising position also available. Inquire about other opportunities. $20,000–$25,000, plus benefits. Contact Diane Farsetta at (608) 251-1730 or e-mail diane@etan.org or jobs@etan.org.

***NATION* COLUMNIST ERIC ALTERMAN** is hiring a full-time paid research assistant, beginning immediately, to help with books and other projects. Requirements include an ability to work carefully, responsibly and independently, and some fluency in the politics of cultural warfare and political ideas. One-to-two-year commitment necessary. Pay will commensurate with experience. Applicants should send a résumé to Box 555, c/o of The Nation, 33 Irving Place, 8th floor, New York, NY 10003.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

WANTED: AWARD-WINNING, NYC-based TV production company seeks interns for reporting, research and field production for national television programs. Part or full time. Call (212) 307-6280 or fax résumé to (212) 586-9870.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR: CENTER FOR RESPONSIBLE FUNDING, a Philadelphia-area nonprofit, seeks Executive Director. The Center provides leadership for philanthropic reform to increase funding for social and economic justice organizations. It designs and leads large workplace-giving campaigns. The ED coordinates multiple local campaign efforts and provides leadership for infrastructure development for progressive organizations. Direct résumés and references to Jean Hunt, Center for Responsible Funding, 924 Cherry St., 5th floor, Philadelphia, PA 19107; e-mail MasHunt302@aol.com; fax (215) 848-6349. No phone inquiries. *CRF is an affirmative action/equal opportunity employer.*

DYNAMIC, CREATIVE COMMUNICATIONS AND MEDIA specialist sought by TRAC, The Transnational Resource & Action Center, and its website, Corporate Watch, www.corpwatch.org. Communications Specialist is responsible for promoting TRAC's activist campaigns on human rights and environmental justice as well as spinning Corporate Watch content into mainstream and other alternative media. Minimum of 3 years in communications or journalism and knowledge of new media desired. See www.corpwatch.org/jobs/comms.html for a full job description. Women and people of color strongly encouraged to apply. Fax cover letter, résumé, writing sample to (415) 561-6493.

ORGANIZING DIRECTOR: FIGHT FOR A FAIR ECONOMY and a real democracy. Experienced organizer sought to recruit members, develop leaders and build political power for Missoula New Party, a grassroots membership organization formed in 1993. Call (406) 549-8995 or e-mail mtnp@bigsky.net for details. Then mail cover letter and résumé to Missoula New party, Box 8671, Missoula, MT 59807, or fax (406) 549-6346.

DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR: WESTERN STATES CENTER is seeking an experienced development professional with a successful fundraising track record, to plan, implement and manage fundraising strategies and campaigns. The successful candidate will be a passionate fundraiser, possessing excellent communications skills. This is a senior-management position in a fast-growing progressive organization with an annual budget in excess of $1.3 million. Excellent benefits, salary $35,000–$40,000. Send cover letter, résumé, writing sample and 3 references to Administrative Director, Western States Center, PO Box 40305, Portland, OR 97240.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

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DEMOCRACY SOUTH, A NETWORK OF PROGRESSIVE grassroots organizations building state-based, multiracial, multi-issue coalitions, is seeking an Associate Director with strong organizing, administrative and fundraising experience. Experience working with communities of color very important. E-mail demsouth@all4democracy.org for job description.

POSITIONS WANTED

AMERICAN PROFESSOR IN MEXICO wants fall job teaching Spanish or ESL in college or academically strong high school. romaz@hotmail.com.

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WEBSITES

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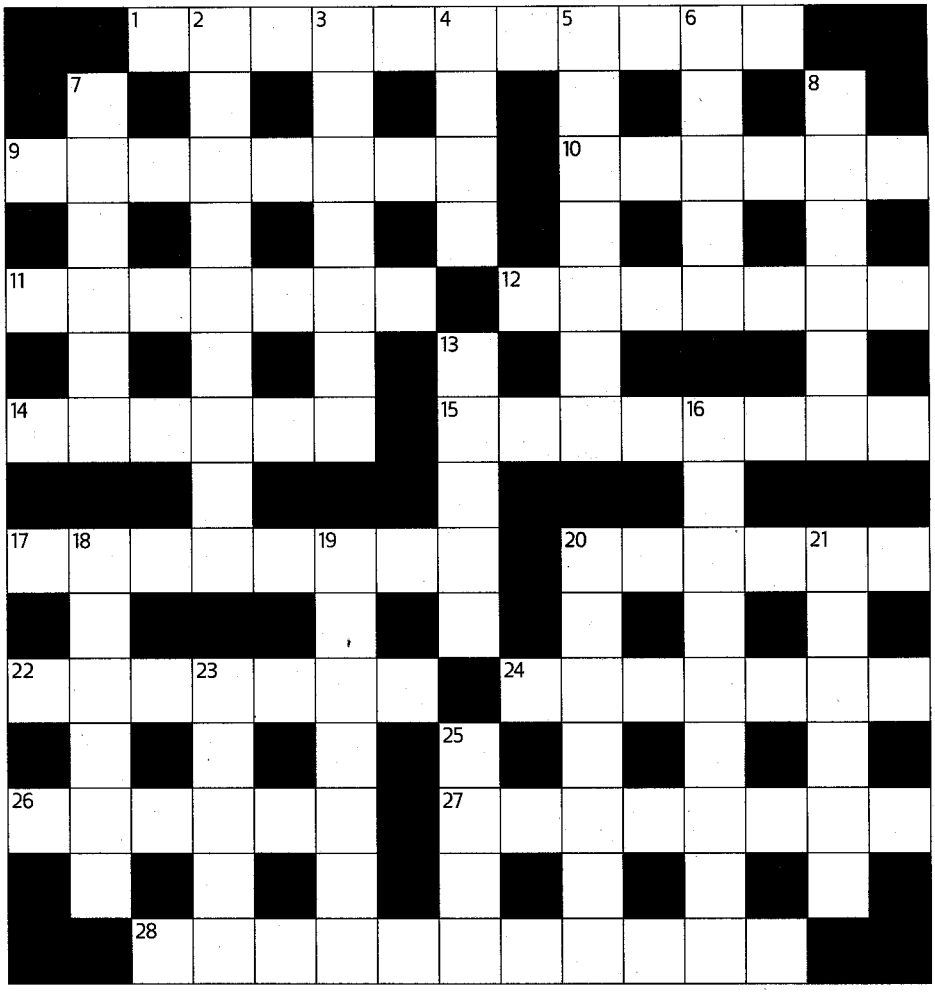

ACROSS

1, 20 and **22** It might be a bitter pill to swallow, although it is very good. (4,4,3,6,7)

9 and **10** They are possibly at attention—as certain governments maintain. (8,6)

11 Erred or pilfered? (7)

12 To tell the truth, he didn't try! (7)

14 Like a sort of a sort of a team? (6)

15 Do the gentlemen of such a low level also fly around after them? (8)

17 What a plane makes at it's peril, though first to last that's what one might do on a donkey! (8)

20 and **22** See 1 across

24 The girl from Argentina is back on what might be a ducking. (7)

26 The sequence between F and J get around and prove a well-known spinner at one time. (6)

27 A large snake of mine in Montana? No, Canada, perhaps! (8)

28 Her acts certainly are not funny! (11)

DOWN

2 Lunar tuna salad is not in the usual course of events. (9)

3 Stumbles around with an overdose, commonly, inside what might hold the cameras. (7)

4, 25 and **13** Certainly not a wild time in the Low Country—just an energetic dance. (8,5)

5 Tried an alternative and worked hard for the job. (7)

6 I'm only this when I need an excuse! (5)

7 Gert, Al and Ep, according to comic verse—good for a few drinks! (6)

8 An island off the Malay Peninsula, where a writer has a no-good ending. (6)

13 See 4

16 Shies away from what is just the opposite of reverse. (5,4)

18 One flies with force, when the IRA is in trouble with a person. (6)

19 The old Chinese city around the East might be looking unfairly at something. (7)

20 The girl of 24 got mixed up and sort of tied this to get away from the ordinary. (7)

21 They're not quite round and yet so brought up around nothing central. (6)

23 The witch's place might be to finalize things, alternatively. (5)

25 See 4

PUZZLED? No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules" send for those of Mr. Lewis to: Puzzled, *The Nation*, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003, or access our Web site at www.thenation.com/print/hints.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2756

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Di khaliastre (The Gang), Jewish writers in Warsaw, 1922. Photo courtesy of YIVO Institute for Jewish Research.

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